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A. M.

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(Symposium)

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JULY, 1902

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*"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them.
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."*

—HEINE.

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VOL. XXVIII.

JULY, 1902.

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WHY I AM OPPOSED TO IMPERIALISM.

*A Symposium by PRESIDENT GEORGE MCA. MILLER, PH.D., and PROF.
THOMAS E. WILL, A.M., of Ruskin College, Trenton, Mo., MR.
BOLTON HALL, and MR. ERNEST CROSBY.*

I.

TO abandon an ideal for a higher one is progress. To abandon an ideal for a lower one is retrogression. To abandon an ideal that is any degree better than the condition present for no ideal is moral suicide.

To abandon a faith for a higher one is "perseverance of the saints." To abandon a faith for a lower one is apostasy. To abandon any faith that is better than present fact for no faith is agnosticism. These terms are not used according to the technology of theology, but according to the lexicon of life—individual and national.

An individual may make mistakes, may wilfully transgress law and even commit crime, and yet not wholly abandon a high ideal nor drop from a higher to a lower one. Abandonment, if the deviation amounts to that, may in such a case be only temporary. There is always hope of a return to the high ideal and a better life.

An individual may preserve all the outward forms of morality and obey the letter of statute law, and yet wilfully abandon a higher ideal for a lower or give up all ideals. For such a person there is little hope.

The greatest offense one can commit against himself and his fellow-man is the abandonment of an ideal better than himself—the denial of life's faith, in which alone is progress possible. The refusal to advance or the determination to deteriorate, which two are one, is the only unpardonable sin. These principles apply as strictly to nations as to individuals.

My indictment of American Imperialism is based upon the above principles and consists of four counts, *viz.*:

1. It is an abandonment of a high national ideal. The Declaration of Independence and the doctrine of political equality do not represent a perfect ideal. A higher one is possible; but no higher has yet been attained in any national capacity. Imperialists do not claim for their policy that it is higher. The most that is claimed is that it meets a present expediency. Yet it involves the abandonment of the highest political ideal that has ever been wrought out in outlines large enough to be seen across oceans.

2. It is an abandonment of a high ideal, not even for a lower one but for none at all. The only substitute offered for the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution is "expansion." But expansion is not an ideal and cannot be. It is only a process. Unless this process proceeds by some plan somewhere within the bounds of the laws of proportion, according to some ideal, it is likely to produce a monstrosity. Stomachic expansion *a la* Falstaff is likely to result in cerebral contraction, affecting both mind and morals, and produces no Grecian model of a man.

This nation has expanded before. But it expanded according to the republican ideal. It made mistakes. It often did wrong. It may even have committed national crime. But in all this it never uttered as a permanent policy a proclamation of abandonment of the republican ideal. Hence, it was able to return from any temporary deviation and in some measure atone for its wrongs. Its present policy is an abandonment of the republican ideal of expansion coupled with the attempt to maintain a central republican government. No ideal is possible without the element of unity. No unity is possible in

the present policy of American Imperialism. Its movements, therefore, must be wholly anarchic, and, as in the case of a planet out of its orbit, what but destruction for this nation and wreck for its sister nations can come from its lawless course?

England could expand by military power without violating the ideals of limited monarchy. Russia can expand by tyranny at home and abroad without violation of the ideals of absolute monarchy. But if their expansion is sooner or later to go the way of the expansions of Alexander and Cæsar and Napoleon, as the signs of the times portend, what can be hoped for an expansion that comes in violation of every essential feature of the ideal of the expanding nation?

3. It is shipwreck of national faith. It is pure political apostasy. It is a national agnosticism that says it knows no law nor lawgiver for nations; that destiny determines duty, and that dollars rather than Deity determine destiny. Much was said in 1896 about national faith in dealing with the national debt. Does not this nation owe it to the struggling peoples of both the Old World and the New to maintain the faith in democracy which the peoples of the Old World have now fairly within their grasp? If self-government is to be only a Tantalus cup that we have been holding to the lips of Old World nations for more than a century, where has gone our transatlantic fame? If our Monroe Doctrine for the quasi-republics of the New World is to be but a Trojan Horse from which monarchy is at last to spring upon them full-armed, where is gone our cisatlantic glory?

4. It involves the fighting over again all of the battles already won, and with no rule of warfare and no sure hope of victory.

Republican liberty rests upon two pillars. They are local self-government and national unity. The Puritans erected the former. The English tried to destroy it. The Revolution established it. The Constitutional Convention of the new States erected the latter. Slavery tried to destroy it. The Civil War established it.

"Benevolent assimilation" sunk a mine under the pillar of local self-government. The army in the Philippines is there to do the rest. The United States Supreme Court in the decision of the Insular cases sunk a mine under the pillar of national unity. All the political powers of the Roosevelt Administration are pledged to do the rest. When these two forces have completed their work, what will have gone with these pillars of State erected by Winthrop and Hooker and Madison and Franklin and established by Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln and Grant?

When a plea is made for self-government in the South, Booker Washington is referred to the Philippines. The time may come when a plea may have to be made for national unity between the mortgagee of the East and the mortgagor of the West, as was the case in 1896. Then it will be left for the mortgagee of the West to point to the decision of the Supreme Court to the effect that whether the nation is a unit or an aggregation is only a question of political expediency and of ballot-box majorities, or, in lieu of the latter, of bayonets and battle-ships. Political agnosticism prophesies political anarchy.

GEORGE MCA. MILLER.

Ruskin College, Trenton, Mo.



II.

ONLY the remoteness of the Philippine Islands keeps our American people from realizing our cowardly policy toward the little brown men. It has been marked from the beginning by evasion, then by deception, followed naturally by violence—and all continued for more than three years. This is now a matter of common knowledge and need not be recited here, because details of iniquity are unimportant as compared with the principles of right.

Since the war with Spain, our Government has entered upon the policy of aggrandizement that characterizes European nations—reaching out for the property of weaker nations and pleading that this is done in the interests of civilization: the same plea that Britain made against the Boers. Such aggressions are never for the benefit of the oppressed, nor even for the advantage of the aggressing nation (though if they were, that would not justify them), but are for the benefit and enrichment of a few.

In the face of the declaration of the late President in the case of Cuba, that "forcible annexation could not so much as be thought of, because it would be criminal aggression," we have forcibly annexed the Philippines. For this action justification has been sought in a promised increase of trade. Aside from the folly of killing one's prospective customers, and the undisguised criminality of murder for gain, the result has shown that even in a material sense national crimes are national blunders. For by our conduct toward the Filipinos we have aroused a distrust among the nations of South America that will injure us commercially far more than we can possibly profit by possessing the Philippines. And it should be self-evident that peaceful relations with a grateful Filipino republic would have been far more advantageous than the ownership of desolated islands and the hatred of such inhabitants as may remain when the process of assimilation shall have been completed.

Not only is foreign conquest immoral, but the consequences are fatal to the aggressor nation. While our victories engage our attention, and while our tariff-bled workers pay the interest on the bonds that paid for them, the trusts and their party rob and starve the people. "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge:" the nation that disregards the law must pay the price. History has already begun to show us that our nation is no exception to the rule of the ages, and to the operation of that—

"Fixed arithmetic of the universe,
Which meteth good for good, and ill for ill."

Among the consequences of the violated law are official disregard for the rights of speech and press; censorship and suppression of news; the growth of the military spirit, with its glorification of brute force, threatening the gag and the noose for those who voice humanity's sighs, and branding as traitors those who protest against the betrayal of our allies.

Add to these the contempt engendered toward "inferior people," and the military cruelties practised on them; witness our own "concentration" and "water-cure," and our glorification of the treacherous Funston and national indifference to these horrors of "benevolent assimilation," which has turned the Philippines into a shambles. And those whom we send to kill return to kill. Armies of conquest contract loathsome diseases, which are duly spread at home—"so close are sin and suffering joined."

Vainglorious actors in foreign conquests seldom tell of the hell of war, or of the woe of the vanquished. A victory is chronicled—so many killed, so many wounded, so many villages burned. Never is there mention of the lingering misery of the aged, of wives and children, nor of disease and starvation that await the helpless. Yet these are the natural fruits of the forcible annexation of a liberty-loving race.

Who of our people, if the decision rested solely with him, would set fire to his neighbors' houses and slaughter a thousand men to increase his business or demonstrate his strength? Yet the Filipino is our neighbor, and that which is done by our nation is the act of all who consent to it; and upon each the responsibility is as heavy for such crimes as if he were the sole criminal. Partnership does not diminish the guilt.

And the effect of wars of conquest is the stimulation of that patriotism which finds its expression in "My country, right or wrong!" That spirit ridicules morality, cows religious teaching, and is the forerunner of national decay. The Philosopher of Nazareth warned his disciples against the evils of the governing spirit. Though the princes of the Gentiles might exercise dominion, and they who are great might exercise authority, "it shall not be so with you." We are learning

slowly the soundness of that advice, which indeed is the spirit of our homely phrase, "mind your own business."

But they who learn from history and philosophy are few. "Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in none other." "The wise man foresees evil and hides himself, but the foolish pass on and are punished." As with the man, so with the nation.

Imperialism's other name is *Brutality*; and its end, if unchecked, is for the victor to deliver himself over to oppression and for the conquerors to find themselves enslaved.

BOLTON HALL.

New York.

III.

I OPPOSE the imperialistic policy of the rulers of the Republic for the following reasons:

1. I deplore the abandonment of the ideals that have made America great. Government of, for, and by the people has given place in the Philippines to government of the inhabitants by the President for the trusts. The Declaration of Independence has become an "incendiary document" in the islands and an exponent of exploded eighteenth-century ethics in America. "Liberty enlightening the world" has become obsolete, and the light that has radiated from the torch uplifted above Bedloe's Island was a short time ago extinguished by government order.

2. I am profoundly ashamed of the national dishonor brought upon us by the McKinley Administration and maintained by that of Roosevelt. Had our evil genius foretold a decade ago that we should engage in a war of liberation, ally ourselves with a people struggling for independence, use them, buy them of their enemies, and then, wholly without cause, declare war upon them, reject all their overtures for peace, demand that they lay down their arms and submit absolutely to our authority, and employ against them the military methods that we had recently denounced as barbarous when employed

by their late tyrants, we should have dismissed the story as too absurd for the imagination of Jules Verne. Yet all these things and more have we done, and in this policy are continuing.

3. I despise the hypocrisy and deception that have been employed to secure and retain popular assent to this war. The spokesmen for Imperialism have maintained to the people that their sole object was the "Christianization and civilization" of the benighted Filipinos, whose status was described by campaigner Roosevelt as on a level with that of Apaches! Yet the Administration made early inquiry as to the material resources of the Philippines, Senator Beveridge on returning from the islands delivered in the Senate an "under-God" speech in which he made a special point of the economic value of the islands, and Senator Depew in the Philadelphia convention of 1900 declared that the object of our war in the Philippines and in China was to find a market for our surplus products. These declarations have passed unchallenged by the Imperialists.

4. I regard despotism in the Philippines as but the prelude for such despotism at home as a deluded and economically enslaved people can be compelled to endure. Lincoln declared that "they who deny liberty to others deserve it not for themselves, and, under a just God, they cannot long retain it." This the preachers, teachers, philosophers, and politicians of plutocracy undoubtedly understand, and of this fact they may be expected to avail themselves. One of their representatives declared in 1895 that there were two methods of governing a people, namely, those of counting heads and of breaking heads; that the head-counting method had been adopted in America for reasons of expediency, and that, whenever necessary, it could readily be superseded by the head-breaking method. Another declared in 1896 that "those who own the United States will continue to control it;" while another said, "Those who own this country are going to run it."

How these people control America is shown by their making to order a great panic in 1893, their coercion of a Congress in the same year, their methods in late elections (notably that of

1896), the wholesale bribery and muzzling of pulpit, press, and college, the black-listing of the recalcitrant proletariat, mechanical or intellectual, the power of the trusts (notably the national banking trust) over industry and politics, and the threats freely made at every suggestion of a change from class rule to popular government in the United States. Rest assured that the bastiles of death looming in all our great cities, the rich men's regiment in the metropolis, the training of school-children in the arts of war, the increase in the standing army, and the fawning upon royalty are not for nothing.

5. I object to Imperialism for the reason that history proves it to be a failure. Whether tried in the ancient nations, Greece, Rome, or continental Europe, it has always broken down, and it is evident that the British Empire is tottering to its fall.

6. Finally, I object to Imperialism for the reason that all the good that might come from extending our power and influence over distant peoples can be accomplished and multiplied a thousand-fold by the employment of methods in harmony with the spirit of our institutions, our religion, and our best thought. Is it desired to increase our population and extend our territory? Then let us substitute the method of Jesus for that of Caesar. Let us clean our own door-yards, solve our social problem, reestablish democracy and dethrone plutocracy in our government, restore our land and our industries to our people, provide for every citizen the means of a complete life on the single condition that he shall do his best in advancing the well-being of the commonwealth, and we will have the world at our feet. Emigrants from the remotest lands will be clamoring for admission, and, should we so desire, we can then skim the cream of the human race. With this loss of the best of their populations, the nations will be driven to make overtures to us, and, should we so desire, we can admit them as Territories or States until the Union encircles the globe, and we shall have it in our power to name the day when "the parliament of Man, the federation of the world," shall be no longer a poetic fancy but a historic fact.

THOMAS ELMER WILL.

Ruskin College, Trenton, Mo.

IV.

I AM opposed to the modern imperialistic course of our Government:

(1) Because it is based upon physical force. The real history of the world is a history of ideas, and true leadership of mankind is in the realm of thought and character. The dream of wide influence is a grand dream, but it must be an influence on a higher plane than that of arms. The idea of political equality that we championed in the eighteenth century gave us for a time the right kind of leadership, and if now we could solve the problem of industrial democracy we might again have the world following in our train. To substitute a big navy for big ideas is stupid and puerile. When we really have a message worth delivering, we shall instinctively feel that the methods of Cæsar and Mohammed are not adapted to its delivery.

(2) Because expansion by force fills the world with hatred. We have already made the Filipinos hate us as much in four years as the Spaniards did in four hundred, and our troops had hardly entered Manila and Santiago before they began to call the natives "niggers" and "monkeys." What hate, jealousy, wounded pride, and sullen misery on the one hand, and cruelty, disdain, and oppression on the other, that word "Imperialism" has denoted ever since the dawn of history! We have two complicated race problems on our hands already, both of which have led us into a disgraceful and still continuing course of crime and sin. Are we lightly to sow the seeds of new race-hatreds, and, under the pretense of uniting the world, insure its lasting division?

(3) Because it is founded on a false pride of race. The "chosen people" idea is a silly one, and out of place in the twentieth century. All races have their place, and attempts at subjection should give way to a generous rivalry. We have a wide enough field for influence in the exercise of persuasion and example. Other peoples must develop naturally. Some have preceded us and appear to be on the wane; others follow

in our wake and may be expected to surpass us in the future. In either case the effort to superimpose our ideas and customs by force must be disastrous.

(4) Because it is steeped in cant and hypocrisy. There is something fine in the unsimulated strength of a wild beast, but when a nation steals the soil from under your feet and enslaves you to its own uses, and in the meantime prates of Christianity and civilization and benevolent intentions, it turns the stomach of an honest man. We have lied to Cuba point-blank and misled the Filipinos, and our warfare has been distinguished by the most astounding cruelties ("conducted with marked severity" is the euphemistic expression of General Miles); yet we go on boasting of our philanthropic work as if falsehood were bred in our bones. Why cannot a nation behave like a gentleman?

(5) Because it distracts our attention and our material resources from the problems that beset us at home. We should reform ourselves before we undertake to preach a crusade. How can we to-day, with our slums, our lynchings, our race and labor questions—how can we decently assume the right to teach mankind? We are the only civilized people who practise burning at the stake at the present time, and we wish to soften the manners of the isles of the sea!

The true expansion should spring from love for neighbor, and its methods would be peaceful, democratic, and transparently sincere.

ERNEST CROSBY.

Rhinebeck, N. Y.

NICARAGUA OR PANAMA?

THE average citizen does not always realize how fully *transportation* dominates production. One may own a veritable garden of Eden, and grow all things pleasant to the eye and good for food, and yet, if he have not cheap transportation facilities, be a pauper. In the last decade the Pacific slope has in part become such a garden, and the gardeners, only too frequently, are virtual bankrupts. If one inquires why, the answer is that transportation has eaten up all the profits.

Our wheat-growers have passed through a similar experience. The cornering of charters, and competition of countries more accessible to European markets, have combined to ruin Pacific Coast grain farmers. A reference to Argentine history will show the difficulty of meeting this opposition under present conditions. In 1882 Argentina's wheat export was only 64,000 bushels. Primitive methods of husbandry prevailed. Thereafter year by year Argentina awoke to a realizing sense of modern machinery. Millions were annually invested therein, until the export of wheat rose to about 50,000,000 bushels in seasons of plenty. Meanwhile the Pacific Coast farmer was handicapped by double the freight Argentina paid, nearly three times the marine insurance, and interest on cargoes afloat for five months against Argentina's one month.

As to the cornering of freights in San Francisco, the facts are notorious. The farmer, from his lack of business acumen and inability to form combinations even in self-defense, has fallen an easy prey to the three or four merchant firms that control the grain-shipping trade. Whenever grain prices rise in European markets there is a corresponding rise in the price of charters in San Francisco; and, as a rule, any incoming vessels are booked, prior to arrival, by the "combine."

Because of these things the Pacific Coast producer has hoped

against hope, these many years, that an interoceanic canal might be cut at Nicaragua that would place him on a footing of something like equality with his Argentine rival. Nor has the selection of the Nicaragua route for this canal been at haphazard. For his own special purposes he has preferred this route to the dozen others surveyed or suggested. He takes no stock in any of the more distant routes, involving immense ship-tunnels from two to seven miles long and two hundred feet or more high. He deems Panama as specially unfit because of its unavailability for sailing vessels—the equatorial calms, or doldrums, denying them the means of approach; while Nicaragua suffers from no such drawback.

Secondly, for the farmer's more perishable products as little detention in tropical heat and damp as possible is the thing desired. Less delay, less decay, and less cost for refrigeration are benefits conferred in this particular by the Nicaragua route.

Thirdly, though concerned for his foreign market, the Pacific Coast producer realizes that the chief use of any isthmian canal is the development of interstate commerce, and for this purpose its nearness specially commends the Nicaragua route as preëminently desirable. To him the fact of the Panama route being on the bargain counter, "going for a song," is naught of counterpoise for its unavailability for real business purposes. He objects to the Panama route for a thousand and one other reasons—commercial, sanitary, and political. He loathes its whole unsavory history, and fears that history might repeat itself. He sees chances of endless litigation, vexatious delay, and even international complications. The record of the last fifty years of embroilment on account of the benevolent Clayton-Bulwer treaty is fresh in his memory, and he deprecates the possibility of assuming any obligations in connection with the prior rights of France.

Even from the standpoint of economy he has become fully aware, from ever-varying estimates set forth by experts, that the actual cost of either route is of the nature of an unknown quantity, and that anything like close figuring on either is an utter impossibility. He therefore doubts any sudden efforts

at parsimony as being both misplaced and ill timed, and as being once more an attempt, by interested parties, to delay the construction of an isthmian canal by any route that shall serve to lighten the burden of transportation under which he groans. For years he has been the chief agitator on behalf of the canal, and he sees in this effort to "boost" Panama one more instance of an attempt of politicians to "arrange for the people their wants and desires." "Nicaragua or nothing!" is the present motto of the Pacific Coast producer.

EDWARD BERWICK.

Pacific Grove, Cal.

THE ACTORS' CHURCH ALLIANCE.

SOME movements, when they get into full swing, appear to be so reasonable that people ask why they were not started earlier. It is not uncommon to hear the question asked now: "Why was there not an Actors' Church Alliance, or something like it, earlier?" Well, there have been somewhat similar efforts in this country and in England in years past—numerous efforts, in fact; but all have failed except "The Actors' Church Union," which was founded in England a few years earlier than the Alliance began here. One very promising English society known as "The Church and Stage" lasted for a brief time. It failed somehow to accomplish its purposes and quietly expired.

Other efforts, less favorably begun and less earnestly supported, found themselves unable to steer between the jagged rocks of prejudice and narrowness or to ride over the breakers of misunderstanding, and so went down before they reached the open seas. Curiously enough, the very phrase that became the watchword of some of these societies became also one occasion of their undoing. Whenever a number of well-meaning folk, friendly to the theater, got together to organize a movement, they were likely to declare quite emphatically that it was "*for the elevation of the stage.*" The dramatic fraternity always resented this declaration. They believed in the legitimacy of the stage as an institution and thought it was the public that needed elevating. Even when they regretfully acknowledged the low character of many places of amusement, and of many plays, they nevertheless claimed that these were abuses of a worthy institution and the degradation of a legitimate calling, and that for these faults the public was responsible, inasmuch as the people got what they demanded.

The dramatic profession also resented everything like an attempt on the part of religious people to "patronize" them or

to give the impression that actors as a class are worse than other classes of people.

The founders of this new society, therefore, learned wisdom by the experience of others. They tried to avoid the rocks upon which so many hopeful movements had split. The results have been gratifying indeed, and the outlook for the Alliance is most promising.

It would have gone the way of its predecessors if it had not planted itself upon a foundation whose solidity is admitted by all who examine it, even though such admission involves the surrender of some of their own preconceived notions.

Briefly stated, *one of the fundamental principles of this Alliance is that the stage is an honorable profession in which a man may serve his God and his fellow-men. Another is that the stage ministers to an innocent craving of our nature for recreation; still further, that it is an ally of the Church in aiding the happiness of the people, as it deepens in their minds the great lessons that may be drawn from pictures of human life.*

So many persons have, within the last few years, subscribed to these principles that we do not realize how bold a step it was to propose the organization of a society upon such foundations. It so happened, however, in the ordering of God's providence, that the very man needed to inaugurate the movement was ready. We have heard of "converted actors" who have delivered tirades against the theater, and who have indulged in lurid language to point out the theater as the way to perdition. But here was a converted actor of a different sort. This young man came to Boston with the dramatic company of which he was a member, and one Sunday went to Trinity Church, where Phillips Brooks was rector. Dr. Brooks preached that day. There was nothing in the sermon about the ministry or the stage; yet as that young actor listened to the sermon the thought came to him—"How glorious a thing it is to be thus a preacher of the Gospel!" and then the question—"Can I not be more useful to my fellow-men in the ministry?"^x Shall we not think of the question as divinely suggested? The question kept coming back to him as he went on the road, and

^x *Until a man has learned that whatever he does must be for the good of others, he is empty indeed.*

at length he resolved to be a clergyman. After the requisite period of study he was ordained, but he never lost his love of the stage nor his interest in the people with whom he had been associated. Not long after he took holy orders he decided to form a society that should include representatives of the Church and of the stage and that should aim at the best interests of both. This clergyman is the Rev. Walter E. Bentley, now known all over the United States and in England as the energetic organizing secretary of the Actors' Church Alliance.

The story of his preliminary efforts to awaken an interest in his plans and to find people willing to take hold with him furnishes some deeply interesting—sometimes pathetic, sometimes amusing—chapters. One of the most vexatious of the adversaries he had to contend with, and indeed one of those with whom the society collides wherever newly introduced, is the flippant newspaper man, who cannot quite understand the movement at first, and who waits to see what backing it has before he is ready to take it seriously.

It is needless to say that all the pioneers in this movement have to encounter the antagonism of large sections of the membership of the Church. Many good people cannot get away from traditional prejudices, nor are they willing to be convinced that any good can come from the theater. The stage has been so long under the ban of the Church, so much has been written and said by way of warning people against the perils of going to the theater, and it has been regarded as so necessary an abstinence to keep away from the supposed moral pollution of witnessing stage representations, that many Christian people regard theater-going as extremely perilous to religious character. They are perplexed to understand how one can maintain the integrity of his Christian life if he indulges in this condemned form of "worldly amusement." They are especially perplexed to understand how any one can commend the theater and advocate it as a useful institution.

Another class of religious people is met. They are not quite clear in their minds what their attitude toward the stage should be. They cannot join in unreasoning opposition to it. They

go occasionally to see plays. Their consciences, however, are not quite clear when they do go. They do not want to be thought of as countenancing all theaters and all theatrical representations. Some things they must condemn. It must be a satisfaction to such people to know that this Alliance condemns more strongly than they do the low theater and the improper play. *This Alliance was not formed to defend the low theater nor to apologize for the vicious actor. It was not formed to excuse evil, but to encourage good.* It regards the theater as a place where wholesome recreation should be provided, suited to various tastes and to different stages of education, but never pandering to vice and never taking part in the degradation of men, whether by coarse wit or by refined subtleties back of which lurks impurity. It takes the ground that if the stage corrupts society it is defeating its own mission, just as the Church would defeat its mission if it taught hatred instead of good-will. It still further claims that if members of the dramatic calling lead evil lives they are to be censured just as members of other callings should be censured, but no more than other people. The whole dramatic calling is not to be discredited because of the misconduct of some of its members, any more than the profession of the law is to be assailed because there are some disreputable lawyers. Clear, common-sense positions like these commend themselves to thoughtful people, and enable them to see the possibility of conserving whatever is good in the theater and of rejecting what is evil. It is precisely what is done in other departments of life.

Considering, then, the many obstacles and the delicacy of the task, it will be admitted that patience, courtesy, and discrimination have been much in demand in planting this organization here and there in towns and cities. One of the first steps was to find ministers who would serve as chaplains. Although the society is non-sectarian, the larger number of ministers thus far willing to become chaplains has come from the Episcopal Church. Most of the other religious bodies, however, have their representatives, including Roman Catholics,

Unitarians, and Hebrews. Some ministers favorable to the movement are unable to take any very active part owing to the restrictive rules of their denominations and the existing prejudices of their older people. But they render help as chaplains, always ready to visit the sick members of traveling troupes and to befriend any in a time of need.

The Alliance has established itself in four hundred cities in the United States and Canada and has now more than eight hundred chaplains. Its whole membership, counting chaplains, actors, and others, now exceeds two thousand.

The development of the local chapter follows in good season after the inauguration of the work in any place. When the membership grows large enough in a city it is desirable to form a chapter, with officers and committees and by-laws.

The first chapter formed was that in Boston, where there is now a membership of about three hundred. Inasmuch as there is a growing interest in other places in the starting of local chapters, the following extracts from the by-laws of the Boston chapter will indicate the purpose and the lines of work of such a chapter:

Objects.

Its objects shall be to promote the best interests of the stage and the Church by seeking to produce on the part of each a just appreciation of the opportunities and responsibilities of the other, and to endeavor to unite the stage, the Church, and the general public in a mutual effort for the betterment of all.

Officers.

The officers shall consist of a president, two vice-presidents, a secretary, a treasurer, and an executive committee of eleven, one of whom shall be the dean of the board of chaplains. These officers shall be elected annually at the January meeting and shall form a governing board, to be termed the council.

General Committees.

The chapter may appoint the following general committees, whose duties are broadly indicated in their titles:

Relief committee.

Hospitality committee: To see that invitations to religious services, libraries, museums, art exhibitions, etc., are extended to members of the dramatic profession in Boston.

Membership committee.

Entertainment committee.

The work of this Boston chapter has been carried forward with much enthusiasm. It has had receptions in theaters, lectures, essays, and discussions in halls, and smaller gatherings here and there. It has successfully carried through a benefit performance and a bazaar to raise funds. Best of all, it has had a religious service once each month in some church to which actors and their friends are especially invited. On the first of the current year it opened its headquarters in a rented room at 43 West St., Boston, in charge of an efficient secretary, who is on duty every week-day from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. It is amazing how much is done in this room. To say nothing of the frequent meetings of committees and the Thursday teas, to which a few professional people are invited each week, there are numerous calls for information of all kinds, from inquiries as to the location of a safe boarding-house to the address of a trustworthy physician. It is the purpose of the chapter to make the room a welcoming center for members of the profession in transit, and a point from which the operations of the society may be directed.

The New York chapter is now moving into similar headquarters at 139 W. 47th St., New York. It will occupy a floor in a house owned by the Actors' Order of Friendship and will have the services of a paid assistant secretary.

In due time headquarters will be established by other chapters in other cities, so that before many years there may be a chain of them from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the North to the South, and men and women connected with the stage will find themselves at home in these rooms in any of the large cities.

It is obvious that the attitude of this Alliance toward the members of the dramatic calling is straightforward and consistent. It regards the calling itself as not only legitimate but honorable, and thinks that men and women may fill it with credit to themselves and with usefulness to society. It sees no need of apologizing for the calling itself, and recognizes the great body of those who fill its ranks to-day as comparing well in upright living with the same number of people in ordinary

callings. It meets actors and actresses frankly, and urges them to be their best and to do their best, that society may be helped both by their lives and by their work. Hence, this movement, which is showing itself in the cities by the establishment of Alliance chapters and in lesser places by affiliation with the central society in New York, appeals to broad-minded people who have the welfare of society at heart, and to members of the dramatic calling who believe that their art is helpful to the best interests of society.

Brief mention must be made of the growth of the Alliance literature. A few years ago there was not much that could be had relating to the theater except tracts, pamphlets, and sermons containing violent and indiscriminating attacks upon it. A few magazine articles of a friendly nature had appeared from time to time, but only a few. One of the best things the Alliance has done has been to create and to distribute literature in accordance with its principles; and so there have been put forth pamphlets or tracts upon such topics as—

“The Function of Art.”

“Teaching by Parables.”

“Dramatic Ideals.”

“The Theater as a Place of Amusement.”

“The Clean Theater and the Clean Play.”

“The Interrelations of the Church and the Stage.”

Among the many sermons delivered by the chaplains and reported in the public prints have been the following:

“Social Morality and Public Amusements.”

“The Stage for Christ.”

“The Call of the Church to the Actor.”

“How Church and Stage can Coöperate for the Welfare of Society.”

One of the practical directions in which the energies of the Alliance are directed just now is toward the suppression of Sunday performances. A few years ago these were forbidden by law. Such laws are still unrepealed in some of the States, but they are not enforced. The people generally do not realize how intolerable is the bondage in which the actor is held who

has to play seven days a week. Well-nigh the whole profession protests against it, and some of their leading men and women are appealing to the Christian Church to help them in their efforts to secure a day of rest. It would be strange if such an appeal should go unheeded, but the greed of managers and the unreasoning demands of the public have thus far prevented any considerable change. The theaters of all sorts are wide open on Sundays in many of our cities. They should all be closed. The religious sentiment of the people should be strong enough to close them out of respect for the day itself, but this plea of the actors for a period of needed rest added to that should certainly secure very prompt results.

Referring once more to this Alliance of the Church with the stage it will be appropriate to quote some words recently uttered by Dr. Newton:

"The Church's work is to clear men's eyes to see the heavenly vision hovering over every province of earth; to fire their hearts that they may fall in love with it; to nerve their wills to attempt the realization of it; and then to send them forth to be merchants, manufacturers, bankers, lawyers, doctors, statesmen, actors, and actresses: in each and every sphere of life doing the will of God, accomplishing the works of God, serving the kingdom of God. All fields of legitimate human activity are parts of the divine kingdom. Every true function of human life is a function of that divine kingdom. It is part of God's order, part of God's work in the world. It is the business of the Church so to encourage and cheer men—each in his vocation and ministry,—so to teach all men to recognize the high ideals of their vocation, so to inspire them for that service that they shall do it rightfully and worshipfully, thus bringing in the kingdom of God upon earth."

GEORGE WOLFE SHINN.

Newton, Mass.

FOREGLEAMS OF THE FRATERNAL STATE.

I. EVOLUTION AND OPTIMISTIC POLITICS.

THE path of evolution is progress. As we look for continued advance in science, art, invention, and industry, for broader intelligence and higher morality, for improvement on all lines everywhere, we cannot consistently suppose that political, economic, and social conditions have reached high-water mark in principle, in law, or in usage. History bears witness of past uplifting. Babylon would have thought abridgment of royal authority subversive of sound government. William would have thought Magna Charta rank folly. The barons would have scoffed at the Commons. The Commons have feared a republic. The founders of our own body politic contemplated its rule by representatives. Now the people demand that representatives shall be mouthpieces of their will, and suffrage refuses to be limited by sex. Changes may have been retarded by kings, by barons, by commons, but step after step has been taken in the direction of popular education, comfort, and power. Changes may still be retarded by those who look upon themselves as shining examples of the survival of the fittest, or by their opposites whose ignorance and fevered zeal lead to violence and reaction, but they are none the less sure. Past crises have more than once been met by radical changes; we may be called upon to face such changes again, but the law of progress should teach us to be optimistic.

Trusts are at last so aggressively and indisputably dominant that even the most stupid and unconcerned of our statesmen have been stirred by popular clamor to join in the governmental effort to restrict and to bind. The purpose of this article is not to commend the instantaneous, unintelligent application of the straight-jacket, but to touch, briefly, a few points connected with a many-times-killed yet ever-growing scheme that trusts may hasten and that evolution seems sweeping us into.

That Socialists are all "ignorant foreigners," or are led by them, is not true; with them are European and American economists and humanitarians, and a fair percentage of those whom the world calls successful. In their really representative character they are honest of purpose, intense in conviction, surprisingly philosophic, much misrepresented, and destined to play an important part in molding the future.

Socialists do not fully agree upon the details of Socialism—in that as in everything else experience should evolve the details; yet, as with the followers of any other school of thought, there are points upon which they do agree. They believe it is possible so to increase production and so to distribute its fruits that every man, woman, and child shall have enough to eat, to drink, and to wear, and yet have leisure for education and refinement; that such a condition would result in mental, physical, and spiritual advancement; that Socialism is inevitable, and that humanity well eventually work together coöperatively. They believe that theft, bribery, "tricks of trade," and dishonest performance of contract are largely due to opportunities that society now offers to the spirit of greed. They believe that nostrums, adulterated foods, narcotics, and intoxicants are pushed to sale because selfishness is allowed to profit by the undoing of one's fellows. Reckless indulgence is constantly stimulated by the money-grabber: prizes are offered to the boy who buys the most cigarettes, while youth and middle age are tempted to drink not merely by the display of liquors but by those who, to fill their pockets, are permitted by music, vaudeville, and lewd women to entice the weak into the rum-shops that disgrace our cities—the women themselves being driven to this defiling rôle through need. They believe that neither tariff nor free trade, nor reciprocity, nor subsidies, nor lack of subsidies, nor competition, nor charity, can reach to the heart of these evils. They believe that, by practical, honorable methods, supplies that minister to necessity and enjoyment can be so augmented and distributed that none need grow up in ignorance and squalor, none sell womanly virtue nor manly honor to buy bread, none live in fear of an indigent

old age. This belief is not a momentary craze: it is held by increasing millions, and it is the index of change—of impending, irresistible social evolution.

Bomb-throwers are neither the spirit nor the exposition of Socialism. Bombs are to Socialism what the fagot and torture-chamber have been to the teachings of Christ. True Socialism is synthetic: it would build rather than destroy. It does not believe in robbery, nor that the undeserving should be allowed to thrive upon the fruits of the labor of the deserving; but it believes in contribution by all to the general good and in receipt by all of a fair share of that good. It believes in loving one's neighbor as one's self. It is an indorsement of the Golden Rule.

If it be objected that this spirit does not seem to have completely imbedded itself within the rank and file of its followers, the Socialist replies: "Granted, but how many centuries has it taken, pray, and how many more will it take, so to impress the Golden Rule upon Christian believers that it shall have no infraction under Christian civilization? Would you ignore the true spirit of Christianity because nineteen centuries have not served to leaven the whole human lump or even a large fraction of it?" It is not fair to judge of a doctrine by the savage ebullitions of those who do not understand it, yet who, in a crude way, hope much from it. Even the religion of Christ has suffered from the mad zeal of those who have tried to force their interpretation of it by fire and sword, and it is no more fair to judge other systems by such a class of followers than it would be to judge of the religion of peace and good-will by the acts of those who have so cruelly misrepresented it. Few are the great advances in religion or government that have not been marked by the excesses of ignorance, and by blood; yet this unfortunate fact should not blind us to the good in the principles involved.

A Hoe press, while beyond the means of the poor country printer and unfit for his use, gives to the metropolitan publisher many times the impressions obtainable from the same force through any other contrivance of his art. A great

steamship could neither be bought nor run by a petty waterman, but its huge bulk and high speed make possible the promptest and most economical delivery of ocean freights. Probably no other combination has produced and distributed so much in proportion to the energy expended as the Standard Oil Company; and the keys to its effectiveness are vast capital, perfect organization, thorough knowledge of the demands to be supplied, and the fact that no force is wasted through crude methods or through miscalculation of the plans of rivals. Great capitalized companies, monopolies, and trusts have taught the world how to accomplish the largest results in the most economical way.

Says an objector: "Capital and labor are complements, reciprocally dependent, reciprocally sustaining; cut off one and you cramp the other. Socialism would allow no man to amass great capital; therefore, under, it, great projects would cease and production and achievement be dwarfed." Socialism does not propose to do away with the amassing of capital, nor with broad business methods. The Socialist clearly understands that vast capital is necessary to the highest development of the simplest industry. Trusts have not taught us for nothing, but they will be supplanted by something larger, not smaller, than themselves. Maximum accomplishment with minimum energy is as important in economics as in machinery, and perfect organization on a gigantic scale makes possible the greatest economy. Yet, under present conditions, and particularly under old conditions, nothing has been so recklessly squandered as force, not a modicum of which should be so used that it might have been better directed.

Socialists know that it is impossible to change the mutual needfulness of labor and capital; they do not propose to change it. That which they propose to change is the relation between the labor-*er* and the individual capital-*ist*, which is a totally different proposition. It is a glaringly manifest error to suppose that, to be effective, capital must belong to individual capitalistic dictators. That individuals should own railroads, telegraph lines, mines, factories, or the raw material and equip-

ments of industry is no more a necessity than that they should own ordinary highways, post-offices, school-houses, light-houses, and men-of-war. Capital is needed for all great projects, but the capitalist should be the aggregated humanity of the nation.

Competition may be the "life of trade,"—a kind of life, by the way, which is often financial death to the trader,—but "union is strength." If our army is to win, its divisions must work in harmony with a common plan of campaign. If we wish to warn and aid the mariner, we coöperate and establish light-houses and life-saving service. Our mails are handled by a system reaching not merely over, but beyond, our Republic, and looking to the general good. Our public roads and bridges are a most obvious advance upon the old toll-ways. We demand for our public schools the highest possible success, and therefore organize them under the authority of the State and put them under skilled leaders. We coöperate to fight fire, crime, and disease. In our public capacity we establish refuges, homes, hospitals, and great asylums for the aged, the indigent, and the afflicted. Our wars are not fought by contract: the army and navy are from, by, and for the people, and under one authoritative head. Our workmen long since learned the value of coöperation and formed labor unions and federated trades. Our farmers believe in it and form their alliances. Our bankers establish their clearing-houses. Our people at large grow into it, and social, protective, and mutual insurance organizations spring up by the score. Our capitalists preach competition and straightway proceed to organize trusts to throttle the competition they so fondly extol. Our railroads unite in great pools, and more than once their officials have declared that independent management of roads must lead to disaster and ruin. Our nation, our States, our municipalities are taking up one improvement after another, and always with advantage to the people. Our whole civilization has been a lesson in coöperation. Even that phase of it which the *New York World* once called the "convention habit"—that which induces geographers and dentists, Chautauquans

and apiarists, the Smith family, and the Amalgamated Sons and Daughters of Whatnot to assemble in local and national conventions whenever they find a subject in common—is in line with it. And all this, also, is in line with the genuine science of Socialism, and it is illustrative of the way in which the philosophic Socialist expects to see Socialism evolved; for the true parent of Socialism will be “evolution, not revolution.”

Small coöperative communities are sometimes supposed to illustrate the failures of Socialism, but it is simply out of the question to organize a small community upon the Socialistic plan. Socialism is not the community principle in which the members of a petty group combine in a cramped way to work share and share alike. Such a group cannot in so much as a single line make use of the colossal methods necessary to the greatest economy of labor—much less can it meet all wants in this most effective of ways. It does not command and fill the market. The efforts of such a community are merely the attempts of a small boy of unskilled, poorly equipped, general workers—almost invariably fewer in numbers and greatly weaker in capital than the employees and owners of a single large factory—to keep up their little fraction of the great competitive struggle as against the wealth, skill, and full equipment of the world. These communities are not in the least exemplifications of Socialism, and their failures are not the failures of Socialism.

Possibly Socialism may have a thousand unpleasant features, but many of those urged against it are like objects seen through a microscope: not so large in fact as in seeming. Indeed, no objection shows such strength under analysis as to warrant unhesitating conclusion in its favor. Note a few of them:

“Fear of encroachment upon individual liberty.”

License and *liberty* are not synonyms. Restrictions upon individuals have been found necessary to the most perfect liberty. Laws against piracy may put a noose on the pirate, but they secure liberty to the unarmed on the seas. Quarantine, compulsory sewerage, slaughter of domestic animals affected by contagious or infectious disease, the work of health officers

generally—these restrict individual freedom. Laws against nuisances and frauds are restrictive. Factory acts, safeguards at grade-crossings, and prevention of vagabondage and of cruelty to children and dumb animals are enforced by restrictive law. Jails, reformatories, and the operations of police and militia restrict. Even compulsory education and State and county superintendence of schools limit individual freedom. Yet these restrictions conduce to public well-being, to safety, to liberty itself. Find why the individualist approves of restrictive law and you find the purpose of the Socialist in the laws he demands; you find, also, how far he will knowingly go with that sort of demand. He is no more anxious to be bound hand and foot than are other men, and he will help abolish laws that he finds oppressive.

In this connection naturally comes the objection that "Socialism would abridge if not destroy freedom of contract."

The objector himself probably approves of restricting freedom of contract in some cases, as, for instance, the sale of diseased meats and rotten vegetables. But whether he does or not we have not waited for Socialism to abridge freedom of contract. Capital dictates in all lines of manufacture, transportation, finance, and trade. Syndicates, labor unions, and coöperative associations are each in their several ways fast putting an end to freedom of contract. Thousands upon thousands are so circumstanced as to be dependent upon the projects or lack of projects of capital, and are so in bondage to the exactions and wage-lists and black-lists of those who employ them that nothing could be further from truth than to say they are free. If one has only his labor to sell, necessity enslaves him. He must take what he can get, where he can get it, and at the price offered, regardless of tastes, of higher skill, or of health. He can "take it or leave it," to be sure; so, if he is on a burning deck, he can stay on board or jump off. Freedom of choice is his in either case; yet each is a case of sternest compulsion.

The great labor organizations have so warred upon freedom of contract that, under compulsion of physical force, "scab"

labor must refrain from such freedom except where it does not compete with the union, unless, as in extreme—yet painfully frequent—cases, the billies, the bullets, and the bayonets of every executive arm of the law are invoked to protect it. The union interferes with freedom of contract even within its own membership. The minority surrenders its freedom of contract; it works, asks more pay, accepts less, strikes, boycotts at the dictation of a majority of its leaders. The railroad king inveighs against the boycott with the public side of his mouth while the business side orders the sending out of the black-list. The Federal receiver of the Santa Fè, who would not for a moment approve of the boycott, hastened to apply it to the black-listed men after the "great strike;" and the merchants of Chicago boycotted the *Times*.

Demand for freedom of contract sometimes degenerates into a demand on the part of unscrupulous greed that "society shall be an unrestricted hunting-ground for its prey." Wall street has held up more victims, and with more disastrous results, than all the footpads on earth. One who gets up a "corner," engineers a "freeze-out," or manipulates stock to the ruin of thousands, does incomparably more harm than a thief or highwayman. Deliberately set up conditions under which the holder of values is forced from or fleeced of his holdings, and no man is more truly a robber than he who brings it about. Freedom to dictate, freedom to carry out villainous schemes, freedom to wreck, becomes license; and License is twin brother to Anarchy. We do not allow a man to inflict direct physical injury for personal gain: why should we allow him *carte blanche* to wreck hopes, health, and homes?

"But," says one, "we would have no right to tie a man neck and heels because he has strength and skill above that of others; if he has brain enough and force enough to get the lead, master his fellows, and amass millions or even billions, he has a right to do it—it is a right God himself has bestowed; and we must admire the power, the resourcefulness, the tireless energy required to accomplish it. Socialism ignores the great law of the survival of the fittest. Success comes from

deserving. Some are adapted to making their way, and they make it; some are not, and they fail. Nature's laws are immutable, and this law alone is an unanswerable argument against a system in which all are equal and the weak have share and share with the strong."

We may admire the tiger, and (whatever we may think of the right of the man) the tiger has a right to seize and eat all the men he can catch, and God himself bestowed that right; but the men he dines off of would be fools to furnish him such a dinner if it were in their power to prevent it. Socialism objects to human beasts of prey. And, considered as an object of admiration, it is clearly more admirable that great powers should be used generously than that they should be used for the gratification of personal ambition and selfishness. There is certainly a greater greatness, a more admirable nobility in the might that diffuses good than in that which seeks to absorb it all for one's petty self. And Socialism does not teach that all men are equal, that all should be put into the same groove, that all should sow and reap the same. And, scientifically speaking, "fittest" by no means means best. The very worst qualities may make up the fitness, and baseness often proves as fit to survive as real worth. Fitness may depend upon stench, upon venomousness, upon sneaking, upon utter selfishness combined with power to maim and to kill. These qualities and others as bad may give the power to survive. But fitness to survive is not limited to power to attain individual goals of desire; it embraces the continuation of adapted types—and this is fitness *par excellence*. Under it the worm in the earth and the rat in the sewer are as fit as a king. Their lines are unbroken from the earliest ages, and, in a truly scientific sense, have proved themselves more fit than any human line now extinct. Should Socialism win it would have proved itself the fittest, and the fittest still would survive.

In wild life good may be seen when, in a desirable strain, the weak succumb to the strong. Strength in ancestry is strength to the race. If prevention of free play of this law with that of its relative, natural selection, endangers progress,

the conditions of the present are the conditions most to be feared. In this country those generally considered our "better classes" rarely have large families (there are admirable exceptions to this rule), but those too poor to secure to offspring even ordinary comforts and advantages—the ignorant, the brutal, the criminal, the denizens of our deepest slums—are our proverbial breeders. The rule under civilization is not in the direction of fecundity among the successful, but among those whom the successful have looked upon as "unfit." Under civilized conditions human weaklings are not killed or forced aside that procreation may be confined to the strong. Instead we nurse and keep alive those so inferior that, if left to themselves, they would die without being killed. The weak, the vile, the vicious, the ill, the deaf, the halt, the blind—such are everywhere fulfilling the injunction to "multiply and replenish the earth." Since civilization is deliberately annulling the good that wild life derives from this law, since all grades of people and particularly the weak and inferior are to live and to breed, must not that system be best which shall compel the idle to do a fair share of work, give even to the humblest a fair education and a touch of refinement, and take from each the temptation to cheat, to steal, or to murder as a means to live?

Says another: "Socialism is rank paternalism, destructive of energy. It is emasculating to lean on the State for what one can accomplish one's self."

It is *not* emasculating to insist that those who will not work shall not eat. It is not alarming to affirm that one should always be able to find such occupation as will *earn* what he eats. The average man seems as strong after the Government takes charge of his letter as he seemed before, and it is not at all clear that his virility would depart if the Federation were to telegraph his message instead of sending it in a bag. The journeyman smith is not weakened because he pounds iron on an anvil owned by his "boss," nor would he be more weakened if he owned a share in the anvil himself—as he would under Socialism. Syndicates and trusts never flinch from Government aid, nor consider themselves weakened if the aid comes

as a free gift or downright charity. When did magnate of steamer or railroad ever refuse a cash subsidy, or a few million acres of land, for fear of the emasculation that comes when he "leans on the State?" He bears up manfully under all he can get; he is the veriest beggar for national, State, and municipal alms; if he cannot get cash gifts or lands he will beg for the remittance of his taxes for a term of years as a reward for putting his plant here instead of there: but fear comes upon him at the thought of assured opportunity and reward for toil—it weakens men so if they always earn what they eat!

There is much of the parrot in this talk about "paternalism." What is paternalism? Those are nearest to it who are furthest from vesting property and power in the people at large. Socialism is fraternalism, not paternalism. The cry of "paternalism" comes with singularly ill grace from the parties that have done their share in voting subsidies, bestowing empires, and preaching *protection*—the last of which at least one of those parties never tires of calling for. Not so long ago, too, a goodly number of anti-paternalists begged the country to become *pater* to an interoceanic canal which they and not the proposed father were to own, and to guarantee both the bonds and their interest—in other words, a profit to the bondholder if to no one else. Inconsistency and "gall" could scarcely go further. The directors and bondholders would have been fond enough of a paternalism by which they alone might have values guaranteed to themselves by the old gentleman's treasure. But, if the people are to be held responsible for outlay and losses, surely they should own the canal and take the profit also. Lately, however, the Spanish-American war seems to have converted many of these men to the idea of national ownership as a matter of national safety. If Socialism is paternalism, and it is not, it is much better that the people should be their own father than be at the mercy of a few multi-millionaires.

Says another: "Let us not argue that to have work, to own one's share in the tools and machinery, to be stimulated to greater exertion by government grants, or to be given labor

with government pay, need be such forms of leaning on the State as would weaken; but would not assurance of continued plenty be weakening? The shirk and the loafer would leave hard work to others—the weak would fatten upon the strong.”

Any form of society that allows one person to fatten upon another is undoubtedly open to objection, and in this fact lies one of the indictments that Socialists bring against the present system. Under it every form of fattening has been practised, from ordinary theft to beggary, from forgery to “bunco,” from “bunco” to literal slavery, from slavery to the jugglery of Wall street, from Wall street to inherited estates, and from idle gentry to pensioned princes.

No Socialist would for a moment deny that a loafer will loaf and shirk if he can. Demonstration of such a theorem does not have to wait for Socialism. Loafing tramps and loafing nobility—though not every noble is a loafer—are a crystallized fact under present régimes. Society needs one quite as much as the other, and Socialism was not their parent.

To-day, if a beggar comes to the door, sympathy leads one to feed him, lest, instead of being a professional parasite, he may be what he is from temporary misfortune. Had he the same indisputable chance for support as the one from whom he begs, sympathy would not be aroused; one would know that to feed him would encourage idleness, defraud society of rightful service, and thus be a crime instead of a virtue. Under Socialism professional beggars must work or starve; and either necessity, to their ilk, means extinction.

This does not mean, as some ridiculously seem to suppose, that the Socialist expects each man to do and to be just what every other man does and is. The scheme includes the largest encouragement for every high taste and capacity. It is not believed that high aspirations, great ambitions, and superlative effort need to depend upon sordidness, or that they will be lost to the world because the whole human family comes in contact with that which arouses them. Men certainly would continue to desire luxuries as well as necessities, things of beauty as well as utility, travel as well as home-making; and

increased general knowledge would increase the desire to look into that which is hidden. Human cravings would not cease simply because a few men could not hoggishly grasp and control the whole earth. It is inconsistent to think that a burning desire for greater comfort, freedom, and power, something shared in by all, would cause people to bind themselves to the very opposite, or to put up with the shirking of those who had no such desire. The brains and force of the nation, high and low, would rise up against it, and the same spur that now pricks to a Socialistic gait would then prick to its betterment.

The greatest men and women earth has known have loved the good they pursued for itself. Neither Farady nor Tyndall lost in learning, skill, force, or fame from the support afforded by the Royal Institution of Great Britain. Under Socialism many a talent now hidden by the struggle for bread would find place for unfoldment. He who proves his ability to elevate society or to add markedly to its comfort, whether by brilliant stroke or persistent strength, would be given the opportunity to do it. Exquisite productions of art would find greater recognition than now, for a larger number of educated beholders would come within the range of the delights they would give. Our capitols and cathedrals, the temples of Luxor, the Taj Mahal, the most tremendous schemes of our engineers, would pale before the aspirations of future designers. And which of them, not being limited by paltry thousands, would not do his best if, by so doing, *his* plan—his *highest* and *best*—might surpass all others and be his monument to future ages? Which, think you, in his old age, will Burnham, the architect, recall—the money made in Chicago or the stupendous achievement of the "White City?" Will Burnham, the astronomer, think of dollars or double stars? Will Edison's thoughts be of his millions or the myriad children of his wonderful brain? There would be no dearth of ideas in any department of human activity, nor of energy to carry them out. The Socialistic State should be the paradise of sky-reaching schemes. Even the laborer could not fail to feel an interest, yea, a delight, in the thought that that upon which he labored would be his not

only in theory but in the right of participation by use; and that delight would not find a drawback through his ignorance or his lack of a bath and clean clothes, for he would be educated and would be clean and well clothed like everybody else when not at his work.

But the element of sex, the power of love, the desire to attract, to win, and to keep the object of adoration—this is the strongest, or at least the most universal, impulse to energy, to achievement, to efforts for perfection of person and character. And this impulse will not be done away with by the fact that a livelihood is assured. It will be the ruling force while the world shall stand. Now suitors are too often successful because of the ease and luxury that bonds and acres and great possessions may bring, instead of through affinity, physique, attainments, and personal character. Under Socialism personal superiority and power must be that which will win for a man the maid of his choice, or bring to the maid her heart's desire. Triumphant mating must compel the effort to excel. Richard Carvel may not be far wrong when he says, "Were it not for the lovers, my son, satins and broadcloths had never been invented." Spurs to achievement need not be mercenary.

Says another objector: "We do not believe the least thing you say, but, for the sake of argument, what if Socialism should not hinder accomplishment and the development of the best, and should do away with beggary and in time with ignorance and want: it is imbecility to suppose that it can be a panacea for all evil—that it would bring universal happiness and perfection."

For once an objection that admits no dispute! But are our jails and our almshouses, our sheriffs and constables, our police and militia, our iron-clads, guns, forts, and courts, our tramps and our murderers, and the official rottenness unearthed in New York and Chicago, indices of a condition that one would exchange for nothing short of perfection? When we have arrived at perfection we shall have arrived at some other world.

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II. SOCIALISM IN ANCIENT ISRAEL.

JEWISH folklore, the Agada, views the story of Cain and Abel as typical of the fierce economic struggle between man and man, with its brutal theory of the survival of the strongest. Cain is said to have been jealous of Abel's sharing with him the heritage of the earth in the event of Adam's death; hence the fratricide and the cynic defense ever thereafter reëchoed by all moral degenerates branded with Cain's mark, "Am I my brother's keeper?" In the same spirit the Agada treats the Biblical character of Nimrod, "the mighty hunter before Jehovah." He is said to have used his physical power and courage as a means of lording it over his fellow-men; of self-deification; of establishing the first reign of despotism on earth—political, social, and religious.

Abraham, the first reformer and revolutionist on record, defied the powers that be, went into exile—a prototype of the Pilgrim Fathers—and in a new land of promise laid the foundation with his own posterity for a religious faith and a political creed destined to become the *Magna Charta* of the brotherhood of man under the Fatherhood of one God, in accordance with the divine oracle: "Through thee shall be blessed all the families of the earth." A descendant of his, Moses, greatest of liberators, first emancipated his people from the bondage of serfdom in which it had been held for centuries by the mightiest power of that era. He thereupon gave it a constitution and laws—social, civil, and economic—whose depth of wisdom, breadth of view, and fundamental radicalism have inspired and guided the most famous political emancipators and social reformers known even to modern history: the Cromwells, the Washingtons, the Lincolns, the Henry Georges.

The Mosaic anti-poverty measures and laws against private land monopoly and accumulation of wealth furnish even to this day inexhaustible politico-ethical themes to the scientific economist and the religious socialist. Pervaded and saturated as the Psalter is with the spirit and conceptions of Mosaic ethics,

every line of its soul-stirring hymns, with their Selahs and "Hallelujahs" resounding throughout the churches of Christendom, reasserts that most comprehensive clause of the Mosaic declaration of human independence and natural rights, "Unto Jehovah belongs the earth and the fulness thereof."

Of the prophets in Israel who looked up to Moses as their intellectual father and master, Samuel the seer first looms up to view as a stalwart republican full of the stanch democratic spirit of political Mosaism. Strenuously opposing the growing popular movement for the establishment of a monarchy in imitation of the surrounding nations, he at last must yield to the public clamor. But in doing so the stinging words of rebuke he addresses to the assembled people vie in their outspoken radicalism with any arguments that a modern revolutionary democrat has ever adduced in denunciation of monarchism and its concomitant political, social, and economic evils. "Your sons will become royal pages and servile courtiers; militarism will reign supreme; the national wealth will flow into royal coffers; your daughters will become servants and waitresses on royalty; you will be exploited and robbed by a royal bureaucracy, and at last you will be practically reduced to slavery by royal despotism." "On that day ye will cry to Jehovah to deliver you of your king, but He will not answer you." And why not? Because, as the Agada holds, they have wilfully violated both in spirit and in letter the grand constitution given them from Sinai. "My servants ye shall be," saith Jehovah, through Moses, "and not the slaves of slaves."

The fifth chapter of the Book of Isaiah is replete with hints and suggestions as to the demoralization prevalent in the two kingdoms of Israel and Judah during the age of this grandest of prophetic orators. After describing in beautiful poetic allegory the corruption of justice and the general moral degeneration among high and low within the two bodies politic, he thunders forth with burning indignation six "woes" against those chiefly responsible for the nation's decadence and impending downfall:

(1) "Woe to you that build yourselves house after house,

join field to field, until there is no space left free, so that you are become the sole owners of the land!" And with his deep insight into the workings of the iron economic laws he predicts the country's steady depopulation, and the growing dearth of its produce, 2,500 years before Malthus discovered his soulless and heartless theories on the relation of population to production. (2) "Woe to the early risers craving for spirituous draughts—to the late stragglers heated with fiery wine!" In due logical sequence, the prophet continues, a plutocratic atmosphere generates intemperance and the desire for luxury and sensual pleasures by a small privileged class, necessarily increasing want and misery among the masses. These drop into economic dependence and practical serfdom, while the people at large grow spiritually more and more corrupt and unredeemable and intellectually ever more perverse and stunted. The final national disintegration and dissolution are rapidly approaching. (3) "Woe to them that pull iniquity with the cords of falsehood, and sin, with the thick ropes of the cart!" The men with a "pull," a quite familiar metaphor in American politics, are the most dangerous vehicles of economic and political injustice and social vices. This condition of things marks the third logical step in the downward path of a nation's career. It breeds despotism, terrorism, and lawlessness. (4) "Woe to those that call evil 'good' and good 'evil'!" Hypocrisy rules the day. Innocence and true merit are defamed and crushed. Guilt, fraud, and sham are extolled and rewarded. All moral standards are falsified and perverted. (5) "Woe to those wise in their own eyes and ingenious in their own imagination!" Self-complacency, vaingloriousness, and Chauvinism soon become the characteristic traits of the ruling class, lowering the standards of general intellectual advancement and cultural progress. (6) "Woe to the intemperate in high places that protect the wicked for bribe and altogether shut thier eye to the cause of the just!" Almighty Mammon controls the seats of law and justice. All values—moral, intellectual, social—have their equivalent in gold or silver. The inevitable result of such transmutation of intrinsically inexchangeable values

must be moral degeneration, political anarchy, social and economic chaos, and national cataclysm.

In the tenth chapter the dauntless Israelite censor winds up his arraignment against the upholders of the system of legalized robbery in his times as follows: "Woe to them that assiduously legislate statutes of iniquity, and persistently enact laws of oppression, to deny justice to the weak, to rob of their rights the poor of my people!" But a just Nemesis is already knocking at the doors of the doomed States. Assyria, the "scourge of Jehovah's wrath," is sweeping down upon "a nation of sycophants," a people ripe for Jehovah's anger.

What Isaiah foresaw through prophetic divination, or, to use modern scientific phraseology, by socio-psychological prognosis, was about a century later historically verified by his successor in prophetic Mosaism, Jeremiah. The kingdom of Israel had been entirely swept away by the Assyrian invasion; that of Judah, rescued from a like fate through the regenerative work of Isaiah and King Hezekiah, had again under the latter's successors relapsed into its former social corruption and moral rottenness. But there is a marked difference between Isaiah's picture of the general state of affairs in Israel and Judah and Jeremiah's as to the remaining branch of the house of Jacob. The gravamen of Jeremiah's censures is no longer directed so much against the people at large as against the royal house and the aristocracy of the land. With almost the identical language used by his great predecessor in Divine heraldship does he hold them responsible for the new—this time irrevocable—calamity threatening the nation at the hands of the Babylonian conqueror. "Woe to him that buildeth his house without justice, his upper stories without right, who robs his fellow-man of his labor's hire!" And again, directly addressing the reigning king, Jehoiakim, son of Josiah: "Thy father who dealt justly with the people, who protected the rights of the poor and needy, reigned happily and successfully. But thine eyes and heart are bent only on thine own profit, on the shedding of innocent blood, on practising oppression and tyranny!" Then he turns his face to the royal

lieutenants and officers. "Woe to the shepherds that cause my pasture's flock to be lost and scattered!" saith Jehovah. "Ye who scatter my flock, who drive them apart and care not for their safety—your evil-doing will be severely visited upon you." It was not difficult for Jeremiah to foretell, in these circumstances, national disasters and political revolutions that would make *tabula rasa* with the then existing régime in Judah.

It would have been strange, indeed, if that priceless treasure-trove of practical philosophy, the Book of Proverbs, brimful of profound adages, sound ethical epigrams, and wise rules of conduct for both private and public life, did not contain some gems of reflective thought also on social and politico-economic subjects. The more striking passages in point show the despicability as well as danger of power built on fraud and deceit; the sham and delusion practised in social life by possessors of ill-gotten fortunes; that God defends the cause of the exploited poor and those disinherited through political oppression or legal injustice; the worthiness and dignity of labor; the social evils resulting from intemperance; that true knowledge alone is the source of legitimate power. Again, verses 24 to 28 of the thirtieth chapter, in the typical style of *Æsop's* fables, but far more pithily and directly, classify particularly the four mainsprings of knowledge whence all legitimate power should naturally flow. They are allegorically represented by the ant—symbolizing labor, organized in natural order and system, and its due reward; the marmot—superior skill and its proper privileges; the locust—social harmony, with its free active co-operation and mutual protection and advancement; the spider—genius, with its well-merited fame and distinction. Lastly, that exquisite song on noble womanhood to be found in the thirty-first chapter, in which this unique literary monument of the ancient Hebrews discloses their innermost thoughts and sentiments about woman's natural domestic sphere, the most vitally important and basal of all human activities, will supply the sociologist of to-day also with inestimable fundamental truths and principles concerning the great problem as to the proper position of woman in modern society.

The authorship of the Books of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes is ascribed to King Solomon the Wise. But, while the former in language and style bears signs of great antiquity, the latter has been found by modern critics to contain unmistakable traces of its author's familiarity with the cynic and epicurean philosophies of the Alexandrian age (300 B. C.). According to Talmudic tradition, indeed, there had existed among the men of the Great Synod at that very period a strong opposition against incorporating Ecclesiastes in the canon of the Old Testament on account of its apparent skepticism. The good sense of the majority, however, overruled the objections, thereby virtually declaring all honest doubt, expressed in a reverential spirit for the sole elucidation of truth, to be as sacred a religious duty as honest belief itself. It was the first victory on record for the cause of freedom of conscience, speech, and the press—seventeen centuries before the invention of printing and twenty-one centuries before the adoption of the same liberal policy by the modern civilized world. Whatever of Cynicism and Epicureanism, therefore, higher criticism may have discovered in this book, the spirit of genuine Mosaism remains triumphant throughout its discourse from beginning to end. And we could well imagine that, if, perchance, say in two millenniums hence, all memory of this very criticism, together with these post-Platonic philosophic systems on which it is based, should become wiped out of the historical consciousness of our then posterity, the critics of that distant future might as easily hit upon Kantian, Hegelian, or even Spencerian ideas in this very Book of Ecclesiastes. The whole trend of philosophic thought and the world-view therein presented—though merely in the boldest and simplest of outlines, it is true, yet none the less graphically and distinctly—border very closely, indeed, on some of the more lastingly established ground doctrines of these leading philosophic minds of modern times.

First, then, as to the book's treatment of the problem of material (or sensual) human life in general. The contrasts of joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, knowledge and ignorance, right and wrong, physical power and weakness, riches and

poverty, life and death, are all reduced to a common factor that runs like a red thread through the whole argumentation: Vanity of vanities!—a notion identical with the relation of the sense-manifold to the thing-in-itself of Kantian ratiocination. The true essence of life cannot lie in its mere accidents, nor in external circumstances largely beyond human control, but solely in man's inner character and temperament; in his capacity for realizing the absolute and eternal Ideal behind and beyond the relative and ephemeral reality—the Noumena, the *Ding-an-Sich*, behind the phenomena. This, in the language of Ecclesiastes, is peculiarly and unconditionally "a gift of God," independent of any and all natural causes existing "under the sun." And right here we encounter the Hegelian idea of metaphysics reaching over into the domain of mysticism. The spirit in man, hailing from supermundane regions and while in its subsolar state acquiring, through empirical knowledge by means of the senses, a wider inner consciousness and mental expansion, thereby gathers the momentum necessary for its final self-conscious reunion with the spiritual Source of the Universe. The book tells us with repeated emphasis and in impressively "mournful numbers," indeed, that "life is but an empty dream," were it not for this gathering of forces taking their exclusive aim and direction toward the highest universal ideals and moral truths.

Viewing so wide a range of philosophic thought, our Biblical Preacher could certainly not forego touching with some ingenious strokes on questions of social ethics also. In the true Spencerian vein he shows that no reconciliation between social differences is possible so long as there remain conflicts in human temperaments, which latter again are postulated by the differentiations in moral characters. He teaches that the only hope for mankind's material salvation under existing conditions consists in the recognition of the principle of *unity in variety*—the establishment of a happy harmony between the contrasts such as they are. Mutual tolerance, interchange of services, and co-operation in developing individuality for the common weal constitute the only expedient policy sanctioned by Divine Provi-

dence. He argues that crushing internecine competition in place of mutually helpful emulation is the chief cause of social injustice and economic extortion. Again, the chase after private wealth is the main promoter of political corruption or despotism. This, by way of reaction, leads to insecurity of possession, both (externally) through the temptation to criminal covetousness of the poor and the have-nots and (internally) through extravagances and propensities toward hazardous speculations on the part of the rich and oversatiated.

In the seventh chapter the point is made that true knowledge and pure morality can thrive only if wholly independent of and emancipated from economic patronage or social and political conventionality or guardianship. "True knowledge availeth the wise more than the combined forces of ten mighty rulers." But, above and throughout all the storm and stress or the joy and happiness of earthly life, the "songs of idlers" enjoying the toil of others or the "sighs of the oppressed, for whom there is no comforter," and the "vanities" of the subsolar universe are governed by a *moral* principle, the *ultima ratio* of all motion, life, and being in the material and ideal, physical and spiritual worlds alike. The final solution of all problems of private and social life rests with man's God-given conscience, the categorical imperative of his ethical being, "for therein alone lies man's real and lasting worth."

ADAM ROSENBERG.

New York.

THE WORD THAT CAME TO ME BY THE SEA.

BY GEORGE D. HERRON.

I.

At evening I sat with my beloved by the sea—
By the great sea that has cast the nations and their histories
upon its shores;
And the world-epics of the centuries before the nations and
their histories came—
Centuries uncounted and epics unsung.
We watched the sun dissolve in the great sea's bosom.
The breakers grew white in the shadows.
Solemn and beautiful were the fishermen—
Like "The Angelus" of the elemental painter who first gave
integrity to the canvas;
They let out their nets like men at prayer.
The beat and ebb of the waters undertoned the dying light.
It was the hour when forms and whispers fill the mind with
yearnings and with questions.

II.

The evening became as a mighty net let down from heaven.
It drew about us the darkness of the cruel and unanswering
East—
Full of death, and the fascinations of the serpent.
From beyond where the sun slept on the great sea's bosom,
From beyond where the cannons keep the gates into the greater
sea,
It brought the infinite and urgent West to our feet.
The mystery of yesterday and the menace of to-morrow in-
closed us.

III.

Then the world-sorrow gathered its waters from the shadows.
We heard the beating and ebbing of the tired and baffled gen-
erations of men—
Uttering the sob and moan of the human cycles.

The tortured generations built into the sepulchral glory of Egypt;
The unwritten slave-generations that made the Greece of Pericles, Phidias, and Plato;
The fierce generations that issued in the lost mind of Christ;
The generations of the Rome that drank the world dry and died of the drunk and the delirium;
The despairing generations of the sated and decadent Augustine;
The generations of the Church that bound life and love to an evil dream and called it God, and that cast the evil dream over the long and yet enduring suffering toward liberty;
The generations that bannered the tomb of Christ above crusading robber-hordes, gorging themselves to their death on the pillage of the East;
The generations of murder and beauty derided by the scorn of Angelo, by the judgments of Dante and the sorrow of Savonarola;
The generations that brought back Columbus in his chains, and that sent the outcasts of crime and religion to be the seed of his new world;
The generations that kindled the Messiah-flame of the French Revolution, and that dreamed the dream of the beautiful and terrible democracy;
The generations that gave birth to the Socialist ideal, and that flowered in the noble mystery of Mazzini;
The generation that to-day sends forth its vulgar and cowardly conquerors, that it may provide overflow for the great labor-agony fast filling the world;—
These all beat and ebbd at our feet,
Their high hopes restlessly and pleadingly returning,
Each breaking itself against the bounds of its own achievement,
Each betrayed to the breakers by its leaders,
The light of each dissolved in the sacred world-sorrow.

IV.

Then cried I to my beloved to know if there were that which could remove the bounds of achievement;
That which could liberate the generations, and cause the waters to give up their dead;
That which could resolve the breakers into guiding truth, and withhold service from becoming treason;

That which could speak, and the world-sorrow be no more.
But my beloved bade me seek not for answers but for life—
Saying that life alone can answer life's questions,
And that the goal of man is the life that needs neither questions nor answers.

V.

Then cried I again to my beloved to know if there were that
which could enable me to lose myself in the living generation
as a note of healing.
And my beloved answered me that which made me to know
that I may not help to bear the world-sorrow away, until
I have finished with drinking that sorrow and its dregs.
I may not stand under the world-responsibility, until there is
no weight of responsibility left in me.
I may not lighten the world-tragedy, until there is no tragedy
left in me.
I may not still a wind or wave of the world-storm, until there
is no storm left in me.
I may not heal amidst the world-sickness, until there is no
sickness left in my heart.
I may not fight in the world-war, until there is no war left
in my life.
I may not serve the revolution, until there is no revolt left in
my soul—
Until I see that nowhere is there revolt, but everywhere growth
toward love's goal.

VI.

When I have understood the assurance of the sun and the joy
of the rain,
When I have reached the divine carelessness of the little child,
When the sweet meadows on the hill that watch the sea have
left their morning peace with me,
When the chaos of my own being has been changed to a song
and certainty of life's ultimate order,
When I have ascended into my beloved's faith:
Then may I enter the life of the world as a note of healing—
An added urge of the whole toward love's goal.

Pegli, Italy.

THE PRIDE OF LIFE.

AS all men delight in the possession of life, so they are concerned with the length of its duration. If any intelligence remains to a man who has lived for a hundred years, it is chiefly devoted to senile pride in the number of lustra through which he has maintained his existence. Centenarians are among the vainest persons in the world. Fortunately they are not too common.

That one of the seven deadly sins which is named the pride of life does not by any means refer to such glorification of the extent of years, but the term expresses the idea so compactly that I shall venture herein to use it as a technical phrase.

This pride of life is universal. One phase of it is displayed in precepts charging the youth to honor all hoary heads. Such maxims are abundant in most ethical systems and constant in all treatises on proper manners. Other things being equal, the older exacts deference from the younger. The strength of conservatism rests in the pride of life.

When we are not ourselves of venerable age, we take a vicarious pride in those who are, if any such exist to whom we may lay claim. The man descended from a long-lived ancestry always expatiates on the family trait. Any right-minded person with a grandmother nigh the century mark exults in her—at least as to her antiquity. A living great-grandmother is something to boast of at all times. Even when the proud relative cannot endure the society of the ancient woman, the crowded years are not the less a theme for persistent vauntings. An extension of the principle explains the general interest in genealogies. From the individual and the family we pass to the State.

Every patriot must be proud of his nation's age, if it has any. The Orientals of various races boast of their antiquity, and the world applauds them in their vainglory. Though there

may be nothing in the history worthy of special praise, the fact of continued life for a long term is, of itself, enough to attract attention and admiration.

In another department of this thought, we find that the pride of life permeates the world as a whole in reference to itself. Mankind is proud of the terrestrial ball's many cycles. We have come to look with disdain on the meager four thousand years accorded by the Biblical chronology. We revel in the multiplied ages granted by an amiable science to the process of evolution.

In all this we find an evidence of that universal brotherhood of man which, in accordance with all ancient esoteric teaching and modern evolutionary tenets, is pervasive beyond the visible sphere of the human, since man by the variety of his stages has passed, we may believe, through every lower plane of being, as he is destined to pass through every higher state. The pride of life, considered in its diverse ramifications, shows his subtle sense of a share in all that has been. Every past generation of his own blood, of his country, of the whole world and all its constituents, appeals to him as something of personal import. He, the product of all the past, unreasoning as to his origins, yet yields to their dominance in this instinctive sense of pride. In glorious egotism he looks back through the thronging hosts of years, and joys in his past of their living.

This principle is founded in an instinct, and cannot be overcome. From the universality of this instinct we are forced to admit the propriety of that sentiment, the pride of life. Whatever is decreed by the mysterious but inevitable *consensus gentium* has its right purpose, and will be fully accomplished.

Aside from the honor granted to bulk of years simply for the time of them, we must examine the worth of years as to the events within their limits. Thus we may arrive at an understanding of the moral value in this pride of life. How does a man estimate the right and wrong of his days? What is the usual moral determinant of conscientious conclusions?

Mankind may be divided into two general classes: those who think and those who do not think. Availing ourselves of

a present privilege that is not always our blessed lot, we pass by those in the second class. The thoughtful persons may be divided in their turn into two classes, namely, the optimistic and the pessimistic, the words being used in a limited sense. Under the term *optimistic* I reckon those who determine the merit of their acts by comparing their conduct with the conduct of their fellows. Under the term *pessimistic* I reckon those who determine the merit of their acts by comparing their conduct with the conduct dictated by their ideal.

While the optimistic man is superior to him whose brain altogether refuses to operate beyond the most sordid limits, he is, of course, inferior to the pessimist struggling by every endeavor toward a lofty and unattainable ideal of virtue. The optimist follows practical propriety of conduct; the pessimist determines a theory of perfection. The first regulates his conscience by objective suggestions; the second regulates his conscience by subjective suggestions. They are guided respectively by the actual and the ideal.

As it is of these two sorts of men, so it is with the race in its stages. The primeval man did not think, or, if he thought, his mind was wholly concerned with physical matters. Afterward his mental view enlarged and he entered into the optimistic period, when he found satisfaction by the comparison of himself with others. The Jews were optimists when they believed themselves to be the most virtuous people in the world, even the only virtuous people. The Brahmans were optimists when they held themselves to be the chief delight of Brahm. In fact, nearly any old religion will furnish us with an illustration of such optimism, and perhaps some modern ones would serve the purpose.

Then we arrived at the pessimistic age, when we find the predominating insistence on a sublime ideal. This may prevail to a small extent at the same time with the existence of optimism, as is the case oftentimes with poets and other seers, who are in advance of the age in which they live. Such men of pessimism in the midst of the optimists were Zoroaster, Confucius, the Buddha, and the Christ. Always, the comple-

ment of the noble ideal is a shuddering knowledge of its non-realization among men—a loathing for the failure of men to achieve their saintly possibilities.

The two classes are in error, and their errors are diverse. Between the two we shall come upon that which we require. The optimist is following an ignoble lead when he makes the deeds of others the regulators of his morality. He is a Titania mistaking Nick Bottom for Adonis. His view of right is vague for lack of a consistent, compelling rule from within. On the other hand, the pessimist, constantly contemplating his glorious ideal, is usually so blinded by its glory that he cannot see the real good emanating from the striving hearts of men about him. Thus the old prophets always hastened to curse the ordinary routine of their fellows as shamefully evil. A candid consideration shows that most mortal acts are righteous, despite the virulence of the rebukers. The seers are led, perforce, by the ardor of their love for the ideal into a passion of hatred against the real; hence, their estimate of what is becomes distorted by a virtuous prejudice, and we must beware of implicit confidence in their judgment as to the current and practical.

It is, then, evident that only between the errors of the un-metaphysical optimist and those of the metaphysical pessimist may we hope to discover a mean for discriminating observation, whence we may consider men as they really are, whether good or bad, and test the moral justification of their pride of life.

In our day and generation the prevailing impulse toward introspection and self-analysis is a besetting fashion, not only of the individual who stares his ego out of conscience, but, too, of the whole globe, which seems to be scrutinizing itself with so much intensity that we may well yield to fear lest the whirling mass be thrown from its orbited balance.

The world exults in the multiplied years through which it has sped, but in its self-examination it is coming to be wofully pessimistic. Such a book as that which Nordau wrote in vilification of his species may have proved his own depravity; it failed to prove the depravity of others. Nor was this gifted

author a pessimist of the saintly sort we have been considering. No; his investigation was merely the finical theorizing of a measurer of skulls, a suspecter of ear-lobes, a discoverer of crime in the curve of an eyelash. Lombroso, his master, was content to multiply evidence, and by vast cumulations arrive at an opinion. Nordau seized on a single detail and swore to the degeneracy of a class. Yet the readers of Nordau's appalling assertions did not burn the volume—or its creator. On the contrary, while many protested, more felt a subtle suspicion that something of truth lay at the bottom of this well of error.

Surely we must admit that the world is rather doubtful of its own virtue. Nay, more: it is openly admitting its own wickedness. Those dear, delightful days are forever past when Greek and Roman, Vandal and Slav looked with contemptuous pity on all not of the particular holy nation. No body of people now regards itself as the possessor of a monopoly of virtue, unless it be in the case of the ineffable Turk. Men think less highly of themselves, lacking others supposititiously inferior as the basis for exaltation. Nowadays we could not express foreigners and barbarians by one word. Even the age wherein the Englishman and the Frenchman alike puffed themselves by looking across the Channel is slipping away, though, to be sure, it is not altogether gone. In fine, we are at the pessimistic period in our civilization's history, when we think so highly of that which should be that we condemn that which is. But we remember the unjust judgment of the pessimistic man and are undismayed.

In the world's growing distrust of its virtue we discover distinct cause for rejoicing, retaining the pessimistic individual as the ground of our reasoning. The worst of the pessimists have been the best of men. They have been the noblest of saints, in their aspirations and in their deeds. On this account we pardon them for calling our forebears hard names. The value of their virtue to our argument lies in this: they did not think themselves good. Saint Paul called himself the chief of sinners. Any student of the apostle's life utterly scouts an estimate so absurd of a man so truly pious. So of all holy

men. It is evident that the higher the ideal and the more closely it is followed, the more intense are the consciousness of failure to attain perfection and the resultant belief in particular personal guiltiness. The only exceptions are in the cases of those who come to believe in their peculiar divinity, and these are in a class apart.

Relying on analogy, we believe the world's present pessimism to be an exponent of the world's real goodness. It is a proof that the world possesses loftier ideals than it has known heretofore. It must be borne in mind that, while the ideal must always be in advance of the real, the real is always within hearing distance of the ideal. The more the world reviles itself, the better the world's estate. Appreciation of sinfulness is the inseparable concomitant of any earthly holiness.

This method of thought reconciles us to much that would otherwise discourage. It even suffices to make certain vices symbolic epitomes of virtue. Let vice be openly described as such, and it would be difficult indeed to find its defender. Admit that a thing is properly vicious, and none exalts it save in secret. It does not matter as to the basis of distinction between vice and virtue; it is only necessary that there should exist the realization of a distinction. That realization exists now throughout the world, and in most of the world it is elaborately defined.

Curiously enough, a detestable vice is the warrant of the universal esteem in which virtue is held. That vice is hypocrisy. Hypocrisy by its existence declares that men appreciate the disfavor with which vice is regarded by the world at large. Usually the careless person regards the prevalence of hypocrisy as a sign of great corruption, nothing more. So it is as regards the individual, but it is the sign of esteemed virtue as regards the race.

None lives up to the exact morality prescribed by the community's standard of right. When one fails only in lesser matters, all men may know it and yet esteem him, since the preponderance is in favor of his worth. When, however, one is guilty of flagrant violations of the code, of gross derelictions

of duty, of criminal acts and vile thoughts, then, indeed, those evil characteristics must be artfully concealed, or the public toleration is lost, and general execration is won. The extent then to which the grievous sinners, who, like the poor, are always with us, curry the community's endurance by parading mock virtues, affords a positive index to the actual moral standard and to the substantial influence emanating from that standard. Hypocrisy shows that the public morals are sound, since known evil is condemned. The working value of the principle is easily illustrated.

In almost any age of the past, various lewdnesses have been not only practised but openly known to be practised, sometimes uncensured, sometimes condoned, sometimes condemned to a certain extent, but ever regarded as matters of course. In some instances they received popular approbation. This was natural enough when they were made a constituent part in the religious cults, but it was often the case when they were solely the result of wanton imaginations with no tincture of devotional excuse. To-day such lewdnesses are not specifically mentioned save secretly by the vilest, or with repugnance in the police courts. They exist, but they exist to an extent vastly less than ever before; and they find no sympathy or excuse—only profound disgust in public opinion.

Referring to the subject of hypocrisy generally, we observe that our consideration of it shows again the fact that optimist and pessimist are both wrong in their determining of moral values. The optimist is content to be a mild hypocrite, inasmuch as his neighbor—unless the community be unique—is one. The pessimist looks on the existence of hypocrisy as a sure proof that the world is damned. We, however, fairly conclude that, while the practise of hypocrisy is a shame to the hypocrite, the existence of the vice to a considerable extent reveals goodness in the world. The absence of hypocrisy means either shamelessness or perfection; and perfection is a predicate of Deity alone.

By such devious paths we reach a point whence our view of the world's situation is cheering. It is only the superficial

that distresses. An extension of our research confirms our confidence as to the general increase of earthly goodness, in which rest the secret cause and the glory of the pride of life.

The final test of man's spiritual state is in his aspirations. Are they gross? man is gross; are they heavenly? man is heavenly. What are man's aspirations to-day compared with those of the past?

We may regard the *summum bonum* of any people as the syllabus of its aspirations. Thus we seek and find in the formal ultimate destiny of any race, as set forth by its religion, the highest aspirations of its devout. We know that the aspirations of past races as thus expressed have been full of errors. Most of them have been materialistic. It is useless here to refer to secret doctrines, or to insist that the gross or voluptuous glories of Valhalla, of Brahma's rose-shade, of Mohammed's seventh heaven, of Zoroaster's sun-circle, of Saint John's golden-paved city, were symbolic. Whatever may have been the full meaning of the teacher, so far as we are now concerned it was just that which the mass of believers found in the holy words; no more, no less. The faithful body accepted the explanations of blessed destiny as real and exact, not symbolic, and they thought their eternities sufficiently attractive—fit rewards for pious living.

This low conception of immortality's estate is a phase of past thought, though some relics of it survive to our time; for there are not wanting twentieth-century Christians who fully expect to thrum celestial harps (eighteen-carat gold) immediately after shuffling off their mortal coil. But the few who in the past looked more deeply into the sacred mysteries have now become the many. The world is getting to hope for a hereafter of the self-conscious ego that shall be infinitely beyond what words of earth can portray or mind of earth can conceive. The general conception of man's right destiny is purer and nobler than ever before, and its holy largeness is constantly increasing. A triumph in man's progress is witnessed here, for it is the indication of the spirit's evolution.

Again, as to the way of life by which the blessing is to be

secured. Every great religion has heretofore been weighed down with ritual obligations. I do not say unnecessarily; rather, the necessity for ritual is manifest even yet, though to an extent much less than formerly. But the existing tendency is strong toward an abeyance of the spirit, which involves a proper intelligence as to the signification of the letter, not a blind observance of it. Once the forms of the law were all-important, for by them man learned the lesson of obedience. Now, through ages of inheritance, man has come to have something of the law's spirit written on his heart. As a result, the son of Christian parents may reject the ostensible tenets of his parents and yet be a better Christian in the high sense of the word than were those to whom he owes his birth.

A vital evidence of the present concern with the spirit of virtue is to be found in the development of tolerance, a tolerance that is coming to be common between sect and sect, between religion and religion. Where once hate of all unbelievers was the common virtue, forbearance and even brotherly recognition of other forms of piety are rapidly appearing. It is not difficult to trace the change. Ancient secret doctrines have always inculcated the oneness of humanity, the brotherhood of all men; but the principle is almost modern so far as practical application goes. The Buddha, perhaps, emphasized its importance more than any other; the Christ taught it most fundamentally and insidiously, as the evolution of his instruction proves. Yet the greatest forces in making tolerance a general virtue have been time and commerce.

The ages are the real solvers of life's problems. Here and there a man has arisen whose luminous soul lighted the way for his era and tribe, whose power of spirit gained for his followers a great impetus onward. Such have told the truths of the noble faiths. Thus Confucius taught practical domestic and patriotic virtue; thus Gautama taught unswerving effort; thus Christ taught repentance and self-sacrifice; thus Mohammed taught the absolute oneness of God. But, along with these, the one unceasing toiler has been Time—Time working tirelessly at his hobby, evolution, seemingly always indomitably

ambitious to achieve new successes, and always arriving at the climax of past desires only to form grander projects for the exalting of things and men.

We must not be misled here by the apparent failure of Time's efforts, in the collapse of local civilizations. Occasionally, in ancient days, a nation arrived at a certain civilization, distinctive in its period, only to lapse into ruin worse than its first savagery. Such civilizations were like the early genius of a precocious child, for the analogy between the individual and the race holds of the abnormal as of the normal. The precocious child is usually unbalanced in its abilities, and dies prematurely—a wonderful failure, a hideous thwarting somehow of Nature's attempt at a masterpiece. Such children, speedy in rise and ending, are fit types of the unsymmetrical civilizations of which history tells. Sometimes there is an infant that is startlingly precocious as an infant, but never advances much beyond the puerile stage of genius, though living for years. Such a phenomenon is the type of anomalous China.

We realize that the old civilizations were sporadic incidents in the world's career, only of local importance in their own cycle. It is otherwise when we consider the civilization of the world as a whole. That civilization has been developing for countless centuries without pause. We of to-day may say that we see the end. A farmer looks on the field where he has sown seed and sees the ground daintily green over all its surface, save here and there a dark, barren patch. He rejoices that the grain has put forth its shoots, that the harvest is promised. He has no distrust as to the complete abundance of the crop, because of the unfruitful interstices. There are always such flaws in Nature's work, whether in the tilled soil or in the human heart. So we survey the world, with its springing grain of civilization, and are glad, for we believe that the harvest is assured, albeit in many darker places there may be no signs of the goodly growth. This civilization Time has wrought.

The index of civilization in these later times is commerce.

The most civilized of the nations are those whose industries run much abroad. Time has brought an industrial civilization involving a commercial system so intricate that no part of the world escapes the regular throbbing of the pulse of trade. It is in this commercial energy that we find one cause of contemporary tolerance. Little needs to be said in explication of this point, for the directness of the connection between cause and result is unusually clear. We hear often and much from that slander to the effect that "the love of money is the root of all evil." The *radix malorum* is the *radix beneficens* sometimes. The lust of gain has given to humanity many, perhaps most, of its prizes. The desire of coin has girdled the world with the avenues of transportation, whereby the almighty dollar is made to spin nimbly along all the parallels of latitude and longitude. The chase of the elusive and saltatory medium of exchange has brought antipodal men together. They have become acquainted. The result is mutual tolerance,—if the bargaining be not too acrimonious,—sometimes even mutual regard. Here then we find pure ethics and business eagerness twins to accomplish man's salvation: one teaches that man is a unit, that the countless individuals are a massive, a holy brotherhood; the other makes no profession of instruction, but hurries to introduce the members of the family one to another, whereupon the splendid intersympathy of the present is made possible.

This spirit of tolerance is fortified by another virtue of the times. Many of the profoundest Christian divines have insisted upon the fundamental principle that Christianity is a *life*. Men of this age are getting to make the life the final test of righteousness. Creed is reckoned of little worth; deeds and motives are the determinants. By this statement it must not be inferred that faith is belittled. Faith is of priceless value to every man. Only, if the faith be ennobling, its precise variety does not matter so much.

The like truth follows when we observe that men are growing self-reliant. The age of abject distrust of their own powers and consequent reliance on a vicarious virtue is passing.

In its stead men regard their holy ones with the utmost reverence for the glorious truths taught, but they incline to despise the cowardice that would cringe from receiving the suitable punishment for its crimes. Rather, they prefer to live so honestly and so piously after the examples of the holy that they may fear no ill, here or hereafter. The result is a tremendous increase in the practical morality of men—a betterment of the world.

It would be beyond my present purpose to enforce my belief in the growing excellence of the world by citing lesser details. That they exist is hardly to be doubted by the most skeptical, were he cynical as Apemantus. I may suggest only a few of them. That improvement toward chastity to which I have referred in my consideration of hypocrisy is manifest in many directions. Never before was there such general chastity in speech, thought, and deed. This statement may provoke opposition, but the weight of evidence is conclusive. When Queen Victoria insisted that the laughing group recount for her the occasion of their merriment, and after hearing it said, "We are not amused," and turned her back, she voiced a delicacy that was not born before this century, that was unknown when the holy writings of the world were issued, that was foreign to any literature until after the days of Fielding.

X The reverence for human life is another example of our superiority to-day. This century's point of view would have been inconceivable in old times. To be sure, it extends into morbid follies sometimes, as when the silly cry out for a murderer's escape from the death-chair or the gallows; but, generally speaking, science and sentiment are honorably striving for the full and proper preservation of the lives of men. Beyond all else we mark with profoundest gratitude the freedom of man—freedom from the formal slavery of man to master; freedom from the abominable bondage of the subject to the tyranny of the Government; freedom from the most lasting of shackles, those riveted on the souls of the credulous devout by the threatening devices of spiritual lords. Moreover, we dare have hope that the menaces of war between

labor and capital are, after all, but a prophecy that soon the words of the Psalm will be fulfilled: "The rich and the poor meet together."

These are only cursory references to themes of which the evidences, taken in entirety, are indicative of humanity's progress. Such testimony assures us that the world is justified in its pride of life.

The theory of evolution has come to be generally accepted. The history of men and nations declares it no less surely than the development of organic personality from the famous, the meager, the profound original protoplasm. The world may, unabashed, have a magnificent pride in the whole trend of its material and spiritual facts. Every succeeding cycle casts off its worn garments of evil, only to clothe itself in new raiment fairer than any of old; and each later robe approaches more closely to the dazzling white of the All Righteous.

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WHITMAN'S NOTE OF DEMOCRACY.

WALT Whitman's enthusiastic utterance of American life, in his "Leaves of Grass," has made many men call him the Poet of Democracy. Few titles were ever more deserved. His vision sweeps over everything in our modern democracy, and, as his mood quickens, he celebrates in verse all that he sees. Occupations of city and country, salient characteristics of the United States, types of robust men and women to be found in them, and all manner of suggestions concerning their future he sets forth exuberantly. His "Leaves of Grass" poems, in fact, like the verses of all great poets, savor strongly of his native land; he seems gradually to have absorbed it, and thoroughly to have comprehended its spirit. An apt example of the kind of rhapsody he now and then goes into over us and our land is, perhaps, the following plain-spoken passage from "On Blue Ontario's Shore":

"These States are the amplest poem;
Here is not a nation, but a teeming Nation of nations;
Here the doings of men correspond with the broadcast doings of the
day and night;
Here is what moves in magnificent masses careless of particulars;
Here are the roughs, beards, friendliness, combativeness the soul loves;
Here the flowing trains, here the crowds, equality, diversity the soul
loves."

But this passage only imperfectly shows to what an extent Whitman was a portrayer of American life. He seems to see us in relation with our mountains and valleys, forests and prairies, lakes and rivers, and clear, bracing atmosphere. He feels that such a land, teeming with material resources, pulsating with industrial and commercial pursuits, and interested in furthering the development of art, literature, and science, is destined to accomplish great things. He feels that we are bound to take up the primeval burden of progress and to bear it forward from the point where other nations have set it

down. He calls us to this duty with a buoyant thrill that arouses in us abeyant powers. When he declares that to understand these States each and every one of us must share their sublime surge, their fluidity and audacity, he seems an inspired herald of equality and opportunity to come—of greater fulness of life and wider freedom. Thoreau was right: "Whitman is democracy."

Sympathy for common humanity is an element hardly less significant in Whitman's poetry than his enthusiastic portrayal of American life. In the field of literature, indeed, Whitman is one of those rare souls who prefer human sympathies to interests. He felt and thought with the divine average of humanity. Though nothing human was ever cut off from his wonderfully sympathetic nature, he was nevertheless a bit more partial to the rough and uncultivated than to polished and sophisticated persons—just as some of us are appealed to more strongly by the craggy Swiss Alps than by the gardens of Italy.

In regard to the various vocations of men, though, Whitman was conspicuously impartial in sentiment. Poets, philosophers, scholars, statesmen, artists, musicians, notwithstanding their high abilities, had no more respect from him than did earnest and industrious weavers, coopers, cab-drivers, masons, dock-builders, or ferry-men. He explicitly declares that charity and personal force are the only investments worth anything. All work, in his opinion, is good so long as it is wisely and cheerfully performed as a part of the social order. It is the spirit in which we do our work, rather than the particular species of it, that is the chief thing; and all sorts and descriptions of work, done in the right spirit, Whitman enumerates and glorifies with tender solicitude.

Seldom, indeed, has a mind been so democratic and humanitarian as Whitman's. Not only is he especially attracted by brawny specimens of manhood, indiscriminately interested in all useful occupations, but, as well, he is profoundly pleased by sheer propinquity with humanity. In "Children of Adam" he writes:

"I have perceived that to be with those I like is enough;
To stop in company with the rest at evening is enough;
To be surrounded by beautiful, curious, laughing flesh is enough;
To pass among them, or to touch any one, to rest my arm ever so
lightly round his or her neck for a moment—what is this then?
I do not ask any more delight; I swim in it as in a sea.
There is something in staying close to men and women and looking on
them, and in the contact and odor of them, that pleases the soul
well.

All things please the soul, but these please the soul well."

We may go to Browning for out-reaching optimism, to Emerson for serene self-reliance; but for joy and health through simple, human relations we must turn to Whitman.

If it were possible for Whitman to be the foe of anything, he is the foe of artificiality. He is no drawing-room or tea-on-the-terrace poet. He is preëminently a free and naïve poet of human nature as exemplified in the common people. He bursts forth, torrent-like, with chants in exaltation of them and their way of life. It is hard, at times, to tell whether his stirring plebeian utterances should be rated as barbaric yawps from one of the crude masses themselves, or as something far higher and better.

Dilettanti, whose fastidious tastes are more pleased with dainty and sentimental phrases than with vital and human utterances, can never appreciate Whitman. There is something so primordial—so Adamic—in him that to many his anomalous outbursts must ever remain nebulous. He feels that the burning and turbulent, yet entirely human, passions and appetites, implanted in us by Nature, are fundamentally and consummately good; that, like ships that need wind and sails, we can go nowhere without them; and that among the common people of our American democracy, still unperturbed by the past, they exist in most robust and healthy form.

Whitman, indeed, is unregenerately radical. In almost everything he utters he goes to extremes. He feels that Dante's poetic writings steeped in Catholicism, and Shakespeare's steeped in feudalism, and Goethe's steeped in the classic romantic spirit of his own day, are unsuited to the temper and needs

of our age. He feels that America, with its eager and hardy peoples, and its vast industrial and political activities, is now ready for a grand order of poetry—just as Germany a while ago was ripe for a grander order of opera. Heartily in sympathy with the life *en masse* of our country, and justly intolerant of the effete as well as emulous of the virile spirit of European life and literature, Whitman aspired to be the new great bard of our new great democracy. In a passage from the "Song of the Broad-axe" he says, among other things, in presaging an ideal democratic city of a coming age, that the place where the great city stands is not where the greatest amount of industry or commerce is carried on, nor where the tallest and costliest edifices and best libraries and schools are set up, but—

"Where the city stands with the brawniest breed of orators and bards,
Where the city stands that is belov'd by them, and loves them in return and understands them,
Where no monuments exist to heroes but in the common words and deeds, . . .
Where the populace rise at once against the never-ending audacity of elected persons,
Where fierce men and women pour forth as the sea, to the whistle of death, pours its sweeping and unript waves,
Where outside authority enters always after the precedence of inside authority, . . .
Where children are taught to be laws to themselves, and to depend on themselves, . . .
Where the city of the healthiest fathers stands,
Where the city of the best-bodied mothers stands—
There the great city stands."

Looked at from one point of view, Whitman's antipathy for artificiality assuredly seems august; but regarded in another light it may seem subversive of the best interests of society. Human nature, in the rough, has not been found so good as Whitman would have us believe. Without iron-handed government, fashioned out of the experiences of the past, our life, liberty, and property would, in all probability, be far from safe. And without tact and courtesy the jostlings of egoism might become excruciatingly rude. But Whitman's attitude

toward national and municipal government, and toward social tact and courtesy, is simply disdainful.

Whitman, however, never for a moment poses as a preacher of peace or morality. He declares that his verses, like sunshine or rain, may at times do more harm than good. He is confident that a high development of grace and refinement, of the mellow-sweet that precedes the decay of men and States, is much more to be feared among us than the efflorescence of a sound and healthy animality. He is, in fact, among us, from first to last, a kind of unaccountable, irresponsible dynamic force.

One of his most suggestive bits of philosophy is, perhaps, the following irregular, half-lyrical, half-spiritual utterance, taken from the "Song of the Open Road":

"All parts a way for the progress of souls;

All religion, all solid things, arts, governments—all that was or is apparent upon this globe, or any globe, falls into niches and corners before the procession of souls along the grand roads of the universe.

Of the progress of the souls of men and women along the grand roads of the universe, all other progress is the needed emblem and sustenance.

Forever alive, forever forward,

Stately, solemn, sad, withdrawn, baffled, mad, turbulent, feeble, dissatisfied,

Desperate, proud, fond, sick, accepted by men, rejected by men,

They go! they go! I know that they go, but I know not where they go;

But I know that they go toward the best—toward something great."

As yet, of course, what will be the final verdict of Whitman one cannot tell. But already several eminent men of letters seem certain he portrays American democracy so enthusiastically—with a sympathy for common humanity so good-hearted, a dislike of effete artificiality so regenerating, and a spiritual scope so heroic and expansive—that his "Leaves of Grass" poems have few parallels in the history of literature; and, despite the faults of their form, zealous disciples have begun to regard them as a sort of Bible.

WALTER LEIGHTON.

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A CONVERSATION

WITH

ELTWEED POMEROY, A.M.,

ON

THE PRESENT POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

Q. Of course, Mr. Pomeroy, the political outlook at the present time is somewhat chaotic; but from your opportunities for observation, coming in touch as you do with representative thinkers in various parts of the country, what in your judgment are the general trends of public sympathy?

A. The public mind is at present divided between two noble impulses concerning the Philippines. The first was voiced by Kipling in his poem on "The White Man's Burden." It is the desire to help our less fortunate neighbors—to educate and lift them up. It was this noble sentiment that really forced the Spanish war. It is this sentiment that has applauded the introduction of schools, cleanliness, and order in Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines. It was this sentiment that President Roosevelt voiced when he called for a reduction in the tariff against Cuba. This sentiment is very strong, very widespread; and even those who think it mistaken must recognize its nobility. Of course, there are dishonorable hangers-on who endeavor to exploit these peoples, using this noble sentiment as a cover; but they are so few in number that the feeling of the masses is hardly contaminated by them, and, as voicing the opinion of the people, they may be neglected. They are far more influential in determining action than their numbers warrant, and the people believe this and are very jealous of a distortion of this lofty motive.

When the people become convinced that this noble sentiment has on the whole been used as a cloak for oppression, they will

take almost any course to reverse that policy; and many would change their view to the second sentiment, which is that we should attend to our own affairs and leave other people to care for theirs. This is Mr. Bryan's view and that of the anti-imperialists. Mr. McKinley knew the strength of this position, and was urging and making public the spread of schools and all the beneficent forces of civilization. While he let the franchise-grabbers and spoliators have their way when he could not prevent it without a fight, he minimized their efforts to the public. Roosevelt has far less policy than McKinley, but he really holds this sentiment more firmly at heart, and he will fight for it where McKinley would not. He has already shown this by his course. If he has his way in formulating Republican policy—and the President of the United States has a tremendous power—the uplifting policy will be consistently followed, and it will carry the country with it. Even if Roosevelt's good intentions are overborne by the sinister elements in his own party, those elements will claim to be benevolent, and there will not be time before the next Presidential election to demonstrate their real character. Hence, as far as the policy toward our foreign or semi-foreign dependencies is concerned, the sentiment of the country will be with the Republican party.

There is, however, one other factor that complicates this question, and that is its cost. The United States is spending millions, particularly on the Philippines, and is getting no adequate return. If our treasury were empty, or if taxation were so directly imposed that the people felt it, this would be a large factor. But as conditions are it is subsidiary. It is, however, becoming generally known that financially our Philippine policy is a stupendous failure. It is becoming generally suspected that that policy was really inaugurated by the fighting spirit in the army, and that that fighting spirit has really stifled a noble movement for self-government among the only class in the Philippines fit for self-government, and that it has given us a legacy of hate there. If this desire for domination were strong enough or rash enough clearly to define itself, the people would at once see that it was both ignoble and costly and

would sweep it out of existence. But, unfortunately, the people do not have the opportunity to vote on a measure, but only for a man who will at least profess a benevolent policy, and, if Roosevelt be the candidate, one who has honestly tried to carry out such benevolent policy.

Roosevelt, by beginning suits against the Northern Securities Company and against the trusts under the Sherman law, and against the railroads under the Interstate Commerce act, has largely minimized the well-known corporation trend of the Republican party. On the question of publicity for corporations, Bryan and Roosevelt are in complete agreement. This remedy Bryan has advocated clearly, consistently, and ably. But this advocacy is minimized by Roosevelt's adhesion to the same remedy. Outside of Bryan and a few others, the Democratic leadership is vacillating, uncertain, and unsound. Unless there be a radical change very soon in the Democratic leadership, the sentiment of the country on the corporation question will swing to the Republican party if Roosevelt be the candidate.

These are the two great issues before the people, and these, in my opinion, are the trends of public sympathy.

Q. It would seem that President Roosevelt, in spite of his manifest desire to be politic and to strengthen his position, within strictly party lines, so as to secure a renomination, is nevertheless apt to create many antagonisms through his somewhat impulsive action. My own opinion is that he is much stronger to-day in the West and Southwest than any other Republican, but I question whether he would be the choice of the capitalistic classes who dominate the Republican party if any other candidate should develop strength. What is your impression in regard to this?

A. The whole city of Washington is down on Roosevelt. They do not know what he will do about the offices. Washington is controlled by office-holders and would-be office-holders. It does not represent the country at all, and often its sentiment is the reverse of that of the whole country; but it does represent the managing politicians, particularly of the

dominant party. Roosevelt has created many antagonisms among party managers. For instance, in Missouri, Kerens, a leading Republican, is nominally friendly but really dislikes Roosevelt, and the papers he controls are ridiculing the President in a quiet but persistent manner. I think this ridicule of Roosevelt and quiet pushing forward of Hanna have been started all over the country and will be continued and enlarged from now on. When done for a long time and persistently, it is a tremendously effective policy.

I have been told that Roosevelt is surrounded by spies who report and magnify every little incident and characteristic that can be twisted to make the people think he is so impulsive and eccentric as to be dangerous. It is probable that even your use of the term "impulsive action" in your question is because you have unconsciously partly adopted this idea, which this newspaper combination is sedulously developing and spreading. Roosevelt is not a dangerously impulsive man; he is a strong one, a bold one, and a decisive one.

I feel sure that had McKinley lived the nomination of Hanna by the Republicans in 1904 would have been certain. The death of McKinley and the accession of so strong and independent a personality as Roosevelt have completely changed the situation. To change it back requires some extraordinary effort, and that effort is being made through a control of the press—particularly the country press and smaller papers—and a ridicule of Roosevelt and magnifying of Hanna. It is a still hunt of magnificent proportions, directed by one of the most astute and able politicians we have ever had, and worked through the finest political machine ever built. Moreover, Hanna has had a training in business life, where his commercial still hunts have been enormously successful, and this gives him an advantage over the average politician. He knows tricks that they do not. But he has a far more delicate task than if McKinley had lived. While upholding the party and what the party does before the people, he must discredit that party's nominal head and the man who is actually putting into effect that party's

policy—and all the time he must be friendly with that man. How skilfully this has been done is illustrated by what an ex-Governor of one of our Territories told me recently of the Federal appointments in his Territory: all but one of these are avowed Hanna men.

On the other hand, the people believe Roosevelt to be strong, able, courageous, honest. He has done and will do decisive deeds. His strength does not lie with the politicians, but with the people. He may offend individuals, but his character and deeds stand out in striking relief before the masses. They know where to put him. They know him. The people are afraid of this lovely exterior that Hanna has put on—of a friend to labor and the head of this arbitration board. It looks too much like bait to catch gudgeon. Unless Roosevelt makes some serious popular mistake, he will have a hold on the masses that no other Republican leader has had since Lincoln and Grant.

Moreover, Roosevelt is quietly and tactfully drawing around him the better elements in the Republican party. Under McKinley and Hanna these were being quietly dropped and the corporation men put in places of power. Roosevelt is starting a real rehabilitation of the Republican party. Time only will tell how successful he can be, but at least he will be partially successful.

I have not discussed other candidates, because there are none in sight. Hanna may perceive that he cannot win and may bring some popular but pliant man forward, but I do not think he will be far-sighted enough.

It seems to me that when the Republican convention meets the situation will be similar to that of the last Democratic convention. The politicians there did not want to nominate Bryan, but they knew there was no chance of success with any other candidate. It will be the people *versus* the politicians. Hanna will have the convention; Roosevelt will have the people. If the Congressional elections this fall go against the Republicans, or some other untoward event happens to them, the politicians will be scared and nominate Roosevelt. If the

Republican party prospers, the outcome is very difficult to foresee; but the probabilities are that Roosevelt will be "turned down" and either Hanna or some other "safe" man nominated.

Q. Do you think that the Democratic party is apt to be largely dominated by the Eastern or Wall street wing in its nomination?

A. The Wall street wing of the Democratic party is trying hard to get control of it. It has succeeded in several States. The Southern Democrats are willing to ally themselves with it, if it can insure success, but they will also go the other way if success seems there. But the Wall street element has not gotten control of the national Democratic machinery, and I feel sure it will not get such control. The work of the Populist party in the West has been so effective that huge masses of voters would leave the Democratic party if they thought the Wall street element controlled it. This readiness to sacrifice and even to kill their party for a principle gives them control of the situation.

Q. Is it not probable that, if the reactionaries find it impossible to nominate some one like W. C. Whitney, Richard Olney, or David Bennett Hill, they will seek to concentrate upon Admiral Dewey, General Miles, or Admiral Schley? And in that event do you think that a third man would be nominated representing the more radical elements of the Democratic party?

A. If the Democratic party should nominate either Whitney, Olney, Hill, or Gorman, there would be no Democratic party west of the Missouri River. The voters would go out *en masse*. Judge Maguire, ex-Congressman and Democratic candidate for Governor of California in 1900, told me that with such a nomination there would not be enough Democrats in his State to fill the offices in the Democratic State machine. Bryan, by his recent editorials on Hill and others, has destroyed the last chances for his own candidacy; but he has voiced that sentiment and shown that he would head the exodus. George Fred Williams told me last fall that control by Hill meant his leaving the Democratic party. Dewey, Miles, or Schley would

not be so positively objectionable as Hill, Gorman, Olney, or Whitney; but they would negatively be just as bad. They do not stand for anything except the army and navy. No one knows where they stand on social and economic questions. The West wants a positive man. Moreover, the nation had a very sorry experience with a military man as President. The people loved and respected General Grant, even after he ceased to be President, but they knew that he was a failure as a President. Also, the Democratic party failed with another military hero, General Hancock. Dewey made an egregious blunder in 1900, and the public recognized that, while he and Miles are doubtless fine commanding officers, they are too lacking in ability to be tactful national Executives and in knowledge of social and political conditions to be real leaders of the nation. Also, Miles and Schley are men with a grievance, and unless the man on the other side is very unpopular a grievance is a load, not an aid, in running for office. For these reasons, but mainly because of the first one—that the people want a positive man—I do not think it at all probable that a military man can be nominated by the Democrats.

In my opinion a moderate radical, if those two words can be put together, is certain to be the candidate chosen by the Democratic convention. There is no chance of success with any one else. The Democratic politician knows this. With a conservative such as Olney, or a non-committal man such as Miles, either a new party would be formed, or the Populist party would be revived in lasting strength, or the Socialist candidate would receive hundreds of thousands of votes. The candidate may be a judge known for his probity and radical decisions. Judge Gresham, if he were alive, would be such a man, or Justice Harlan of the United States Supreme Court. But it is more probable that some radical business man who has had some public record will be chosen. Tom L. Johnson is now the most probable. He is doing deeds, and great ones. He has the requisite ability as an Executive, the requisite knowledge of social conditions and public affairs, the requisite location in the middle West, and the requisite following,

physique, wealth, and position. Moreover, he is a positive man—and the people love a positive man. They are becoming afraid of the smooth leader. If the Republicans nominate Roosevelt, this likeness between the two men will make their contest stirring and dramatic. Each will have a foeman worthy of his steel. In that case, I would be uncertain who would win; but the chances would favor Roosevelt, because he is in.

On the other hand, should Hanna or his tool be the nominee of the Republicans, the contest now going on between Hanna, president of the street-railroads of Cleveland and leader of Ohio politics, and Johnson, mayor of Cleveland and leader in the fight against Hanna and his crowd for the control of the railways and public utilities by the people and for the people, will be lifted to a national plane and be equally dramatic and stirring. It is too early to say which way that contest would go, but in my opinion the chances would be with Johnson.

John L. Lentz, of Columbus, Ohio, is another available man and a strong one, and George Fred Williams of Boston is a third. I really think I should name Williams after Johnson. He is as strong, better known, and more popular than Lentz. But New England, especially Boston, is not a good place for a Presidential candidate to hail from. Mayor Carter Harrison of Chicago has made a good record, particularly of late. Ex-Senator Allen of Nebraska is another good man. Some one suggests Watterson, but that is really a joke.

Q. What do you think is the outlook for direct legislation and governmental ownership of natural monopolies?

A. Oregon votes in June on a direct legislation constitutional amendment; another passed the Nevada legislature last year, and comes before the 1902 legislature. The chances are very good for the passage of a fifth amendment in Missouri next year, with the possibility of a sixth in Massachusetts. Chicago is in a ferment over the municipal referendum. Many other cities are discussing it, and San Francisco and some other places are actually using it. In Canada, the Liberal party in Ontario, the party in power, has passed a law applying the referendum to the liquor question, and in doing this has in-

dorsed the principle so emphatically that it cannot repudiate it; and the educational effect has been very great. In Manitoba both parties are excited over direct legislation. And so it goes. Of all the reforms proposed in recent years, not one has had the rapid and steady growth of direct legislation—not one appears so near a general wide application.

Public ownership is also advancing rapidly in the public mind, and in places is coming to fruition. I think the next decade will see a great advance in applied Socialism, and particularly in municipal public ownership, or local Socialism. While the Socialist party will be educationally effective, its political activity will be a hindrance to this progress rather than a help; and, with the actual accomplishment of this progressive and yet really and truly conservative Socialism, the leaders of the Socialist party will have almost nothing to do. Many of the men actually carrying out this Socialistic progress will be either non-committal or outwardly opposed to Socialism, or will really not know what it is; and it will be a genuine American development—and not along the lines of alien, class-conscious, Marxian revolutionary Socialism. In fact, so great and rapid will be this progress in municipal public ownership that I regard it of more importance than national politics. The latter is more interesting, perhaps, but the former more valuable at present.

AS A MAN THINKETH.

A NEW THOUGHT STORY.

BY MARIE F. GILES.

"Your deductions are correct and logical, Professor, but your premises are absolutely false. In consequence, your arguments, though clever, are useless."

Professor Hinton-Garow faced the speaker with a frown. His paper on "Contagious and Infectious Diseases" had been anticipated by the medical convention as its basis of action; and the fact that he had traveled from Glasgow to Calcutta expressly for that purpose gave additional weight to his words. The committee, though comprised of only a handful of men, was an important one—having the financial support of the home government and the moral support of the world. The monster terrors of Asiatic cholera and the "black death" gave unmistakable signs of a gigantic onslaught, and at the note of warning a dozen physicians and scientists of eminence and ability had been gathered from the four quarters of the globe to probe the secrets of contagion and infection, and, understanding, find ways and means to combat, and if possible to destroy. Such was the motive of the gathering, and Professor Hinton-Garow, upon whom all eyes were turned, had just given a most comprehensive address on the nature of contagion, and the possible uses of electricity and concentrated heat and light in killing the bacteria in the early stages of development. As the words of protest were uttered, the attention of the listening group was directed to a slight, small man of extreme old age whose erect form, clear blue eyes, and serene composure were in contrast to the thick white hair that waved about his head and the white beard that hung like a breastplate to his waist. With unclouded brow he gazed earnestly at the faces before him.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we are here for the good of mankind.

Let us be practical. This is no time for speculation or controversy. Let us found our arguments upon facts, not theories; let us get at the bottom of the trouble, not side-tracked into experimenting with its growth."

The chairman called the assembly to order. "Professor Adam Adair," he said, "the greatest scientist, chemist, and psychologist of our times, is with us. At his extreme age we hoped for but scarcely expected his presence. That he is here, and that he is also to address us, is an honor to every one present."

The men moved their chairs to get a better view of one whose fame had preceded him. A curious smile played upon the old man's features as he continued:

"Gentlemen, we are here for a practical purpose, and it is idle for us to speculate upon the best method of attacking disease while in complete ignorance of what *dis-ease* really is. Let us start at the foundation and work upward; let us begin with the fact, absolute and incontrovertible, that *there is no dis-ease of the body*. That which is so called is, when rightly understood, but the outward manifestation of a disordered *mind*. Our human bodies are but the visible productions of the mind within. Harmony, or, as we call it, *health*, is our natural or positive condition: dis-ease the negative or outward sign of inner discord. The mind makes us what we are. Consciously or unconsciously, daily and hourly, we are making and manifesting bodily conditions and environments, which are called into existence by mental pictures vividly conceived and continually looked at—to say nothing of the currents of thought-atmosphere in which we are magnets or centers. Thoughts are things, and the power of constructive imagination rightly used is stronger than electricity and greater than the combined energy of the world. We make ourselves what we are. We are constantly constructing new bodies. Why can we not make them according to our fancy?

"Those who do not *fear* cholera rarely if ever take it. Since the mind alone can kill, why cannot the mind cure? I am, as you know, an Englishman, and at an early age I accompanied my parents to India. It was there I was educated, and there

I first studied the metaphysical lore of the East. When I left Oxford, many years later, I married; and my wife and I, accompanied by our only child, a girl of three, went to India to live. For years I devoted my time to research and study. An Indian by associations and affections, I was encouraged and welcomed by the greatest teachers; and Yogis of profound learning opened many of their sacred books to my inquiring eyes. It was there I learned the fallacy of 'disease,' and there—but of that later.

"I will tell you how I put my convictions to the test. When my girl was six years old my wife died, and in order to divert my sad thoughts I took the child and traveled round the world. We visited many lands and saw many interesting sights, but our arrival at Honolulu was followed by an event that was destined to change not only my life but my ideas and theories as well. So appallingly strange and unusual were the consequences of this occurrence that it has almost revolutionized the realm of my individual thought.

"We had been in Honolulu a week, my child and I, when I became acquainted with a certain Father Sebastian, a Jesuit, whose duty it was to send reading matter and other supplies from the little mission of which he was in charge to others of the order on the island of Molokai. No one could live on that isle of the living death and return to his fellow-men, but the priests of the mission would row out to a fixed place with books and provisions while those from the island would come up in their canoes to effect a transfer of the articles. Thus personal contact was avoided and the safety of the transfer insured.

"For years Father Sebastian had done this, and it was with the greatest interest that I listened to his story of the living horror not many miles away. I asked permission to visit these stricken creatures and acquaint them with their rightful inheritance of health—to urge them one and all to coöperate with the gigantic forces of Nature working in their behalf, and hold to the desire that their *children* at least might be born free from the taint. Disease is *not* hereditary—it cannot be; but the

mind of the parent acting upon the unborn germ of life may plant the *suggestion*, which is developed after birth by the thought atmosphere impregnated with the false idea of disease transmission. Thus the appearance of disease is inevitable

"In vain I urged my request. The good priest shook his head. My ideas were not in accord with his own, and he thought it would be a mistaken kindness to help me to gain access to that place of horror whence the law would not permit me to return. That I was above the law of 'disease' while I held faithfully to the mental picture before me, I well knew; but my arguments were useless, and after repeated requests I abandoned the idea. It was the night before we left Honolulu that I went to bid my friend good-by. He knew we were to sail for Japan in the morning, and this hour had been appointed for our meeting. It was late in the evening before I arrived at the mission. Father Sebastian was alone, save for the presence of a little girl—a sweet-faced, bright-eyed creature of unusual beauty. After the first word of greeting the priest's face grew grave. 'Professor,' he said, slowly, 'I was unable to help you in your honest efforts to aid your fellow-men in the way you wished, but God in his inexplicable wisdom has granted your prayer in a most remarkable way. It sometimes happens that a child of leprous parents is born apparently free from the curse. It happens rarely, but when such an instance occurs the child is if possible isolated and cared for at some mission. Almost invariably the disease shows itself later in life—you would ascribe it to the thought-atmosphere by which the child is surrounded. I am not prepared to accept this explanation, but I am going to help you to put your belief to the test. This child at our feet is the offspring of leprous parents. She was born six years ago apparently free from the stain, and during her short life has been cared for by the sisters of our mission who live on the island. So far she has evinced no signs of the malady—her health is evident; but, as even in our mission there are some who are becoming its victims, I communicated your theories to the sister in charge and it became her desire to give this child the benefit of the possible chance. What I have done is against

all rules and regulations, but we effected a transfer to our boat and hence to the mission here. The child knows nothing of her people, nor has she ever heard of disease. She is so young that the memory of the mission will become but a dream to her. It is one chance in a million; and now I ask you, as a man and a Christian, will you take her with you to-morrow and do for her as we would if we could?

"To say that I was surprised is inadequate. It was minutes before I could realize the truth of his words, but when I did a light seemed to break in upon me. 'Father,' I cried, 'give me the child! She is the age of my own little one. Henceforth they shall be sisters, and I will have two daughters to care for me in my old age. You have given me a chance not only to perform an act of mercy but to demonstrate beyond doubt the greatest psychological fact of the century. Races unborn will benefit by your thoughtfulness. I accept your gift as a sacred trust. Come here, little one.'

"The child understood no English, but she did understand the mute appeal of my outstretched arms. She hesitated a moment, but the tone of my voice reassured her, and running to me she climbed up in my lap and put her dark curly head against my shoulder. Simultaneously I bent over and kissed her, and so sealed our eternal compact. Mr. Chairman," continued the speaker, after a pause, "it is a long story and a painful one—shall I continue? Let me know the sentiment of the meeting."

A hush had fallen upon the audience, but now they found voice. "Please proceed, Professor!" "We must hear the sequel!" "You must not stop!" exclaimed the members present.

The old man paused a moment or two as if to recall more vividly some picture latent in his mind. Then, opening the leaves of an old journal, the Professor read the following account:

May 27, 187——Yesterday dear sister was married. How radiantly beautiful and happy she was! Dear Thora—I am so glad! Never have I seen Father so proud and happy! Lord Blakesley is a fortunate man, and I believe he knows it. Now that she has really gone I begin to realize what I have lost. We have been so much to each other—Thora

and I. Perhaps it's because we never knew a mother's love. I know I shall be very lonely, but when I feel sad I will think of Thora's happy face and Captain Mattison's sympathy and sweet attentions. He is a great friend of Lord Blakesley's (I cannot think of him yet as Albert). I wonder if he will call?

Blakesley Castle, July 2.—How quickly time has passed! I have been here two weeks already with dear Thora, but it seems like two days. Captain Mattison is here also for a visit, and we have been so happy together. Albert calls him "Arthur." Somehow I like the name. Last evening we went for a walk in the sunset, and he told me that the glory of the heavens was like the glory that had come into his life, but that he hoped, unlike the sunset, had come to stay. I felt so stupid—I could say nothing. Everything seems changed. I wish I could see Father.

July 10.—The world is too small to hold all my happiness. I cannot express how happy I am! Arthur has told me that he loves me, and we are going to be married in September. Thora and Albert are so pleased, and dear Father is coming out to see us next week. He must live with us when we have a home—he is too much absorbed by his studies. I want to make him as happy as I am to-day!

September 8 (Paris).—Arthur and I were married yesterday, and we are the happiest people in the world! Arthur has no fortune, but I do not care for that. Thora has given me jewels fit for a princess, and Albert has given us a lovely little home near the castle—and Father will divide his time between Thora and me. Father seemed strangely affected the day of the wedding. I wonder why? I hold always to a picture of health and harmony: no harm can come to me. Perhaps dear Father was thinking of his own wedding. I write my new name, and it looks so strange—*Myra Mattison*.

April 3 (Home).—We have been here in our little home over six months. Not a shadow has crossed our path. Dear Thora has a son and heir—a fine, beautiful child. There is great rejoicing at the Castle, but I am worried about our own dear Father. He has aged lately, and sometimes when Thora and I are together he looks at us in a queer way as if he wanted to know something he dared not ask. He has sent up to London for his books and papers, and to-morrow he will come to me to stay.

April 18 (Home—Hell).—Which way I turn is hell! Am I mad, or only going mad? Objects dance before my eyes and my head swims. I am ill, horribly ill—I, who have never known pain or illness in my life! Can this ghastly thing be true? It happened last week, though it seems years—years. Father's things came from London and I thought to put them in readiness for him. I was arranging some books on a shelf when one arrested my attention. It was strangely printed and I was curious to see more. The language was unknown to me, and I was about to put it away when a sheet of closely written paper fell to the floor. My father's writing! What demon drew me to my destruction? I know not. It was there—the hideous truth! Each word is written on my heart in letters of fire:

"*Honolulu*.—On this Bible, I, Adam Adair, write this solemn oath. Never by thought, word, or deed will I betray the origin of the little girl who has this night come so strangely under my protection. She is mine. Henceforth I shall have two daughters. Mine is a noble mission. The child of leprous parents—born on an island of lepers—has been born free from the taint, and she shall prove to the world the supremacy of mind over matter. With a vivid mental picture of health ever before her, her physical body shall remain above the law of disease and discord. A hundred years hence, when we all shall have entered the great beyond, shall my experiment be made known. From time to time I will take notes on her condition, and the matter thus collected I will put in safe hands until the time is ripe for its revelation. As I deal with this child, accursed of humanity, so may Infinite Justice deal with me!"

Such is the awful document. I see it here, there, everywhere, in letters of blood. Memories like forgotten dreams have come to my aid, and in those dreams I can recall the tall grass and palm-trees of a tropical clime. In the great Bible that no hand has touched for years I read the record of one birth—no more. It is all true—true! The accursed thing is in my blood—and in that of my unborn child. I have no name, no people—I am accursed!

April 15.—How have I lived these days? They tell me I am *not* ill, but when I see my haggard face in the glass I know it is true—true! I can speak of this to no one, least of all to Father (but who *was* my father)? I am afraid to hear the truth—the awful details. One fact alone is sufficient: I am the child of lepers! God help me! So far I have had no signs of the curse. How long can I put off the evil day?

May 17.—Father is watching me closely. I can see it—feel it. It is I, not Thora. His manner alone is conviction. There is something he has on his lips to tell me, but he restrains himself. What if he guesses that I know? It is not possible. Thora and her child are with me almost constantly, and my husband is devotion itself. They cannot know of the demon in my heart. How will it all end? The picture of health has left me, nor can I recall it. My mouth and tongue are parched and dry, and my hair seems to be falling out!

May 30.—It has come. I know it. There are spots on my face and hands—scaly spots like the skin of a fish. I can no longer disguise the truth. I am a *leper*—accursed of God and man! Do my family suspect the truth? They already look at me with frightened eyes. Must I bring into existence a child to be accursed also?

June 12.—I have told them—they know it now. I have told them all but the finding of the paper and the discovery of my parentage. It would kill Thora—at least *that* she shall be spared. She and Father are with me constantly. They are telling me that my *mind* is diseased—not my body. They are trying to reason with me. What they say is true, but I cannot realize it. I feel the loathsome thing in my blood, and I see *red*! This morning Arthur left me to go up to London. He will bring down two specialists with him. I fear I am going mad.

Here the diary ended, but, opening a copy of the *Times*, the old man continued to read:

"July 2.—A most extraordinary and phenomenal case has just occurred among us. Young, beautiful, and apparently in the best of health, Myra Mattison, wife of Captain Arthur Mattison of Her Majesty's Fusileers, has been stricken with leprosy. So rapid has been the progress of the disease that scarcely three months from the time she first noted its appearance it was beyond the power of medical science to retard it. She has been removed temporarily to a private hospital at K—. The origin of the disease is a mystery. Mrs. Mattison is the daughter of Professor Adam Adair, whose fame is such that he needs no introduction to the English public. Her mother was before her marriage Miss Adelaide Gordon Hastings. Never in any way has she been exposed to the awful malady, and the physicians in charge are almost hopelessly looking for a solution of this most unusual and mystifying case."

The following he read from an issue of the *London Daily Telegraph*:

"July 30.—Lady Blakesley, the well-known and beautiful sister of the unfortunate victim at K—, is prostrate with grief. The sisters have been inseparable always, and the greatest devotion has existed between them. Lady Blakesley is utterly unable to account for the unprecedented circumstances other than her belief that her sister's mind had become affected by some story of disease, and by constant brooding thought had produced externally conditions latent in her mind. Lady Blakesley is absolutely unafraid of disease, either for herself or her child. She was with her sister constantly until the time of her removal, and is even now most anxious to share her isolation, and would do so if not prevented by the medical authorities."

The old Professor then read the following from the *Times* of August 3d:

"The unfortunate victim of leprosy, Mrs. Arthur Mattison, is now at rest. At half after three this morning she died in child-birth. The child died also. Death was indeed an angel of mercy in disguise. Lady Blakesley was present at her sister's death. By some telepathic or psychic power she felt the truth, and in spite of the nurse and physicians present she

found her way to her sister's apartment and held the suffering woman in her arms until the last. Great fear is entertained for her safety, and as yet she has not been allowed to return to her home."

The concluding paragraph was from an issue of the *Times* of a year later. It read:

"Captain Arthur Mattison of Her Majesty's Fusileers has been stricken with the awful disease that took his young and beautiful wife nearly a year ago. The servants who were employed at Ivy Cottage are stricken as well. All have been secretly removed. Strange as it seems, Lady Blakesley, who attended her sister when she died, has escaped the curse. Though regularly examined by experts, she remains strong and healthy. Last week she gave birth to a daughter, and both are remarkably well. Medical science is baffled. Let some science mightier than *materia medica* give us a solution of this most perplexing and phenomenal mystery."

When Professor Adair finished reading there was an oppressive silence. Tears were in the eyes of many of his listeners.

Professor Hinton-Garow was the first to find his voice. "You are right," he said, slowly. "There is some force about us—some terrific power—of which we are in ignorance. Your story is pitiful to a degree, but was it not the young woman's knowledge of her parentage that quickened the latent malady already in her blood? The mind, as you assert, acted upon the body in a powerful way, but the germ was there potentially, though for the time quiescent."

The old man brushed his hand across his eyes. "Gentlemen," he said, with an effort, "you have heard my story; but the sequel answers the point in question. *Lady Blakesley, happy and well, with a group of healthy children about her, was the little girl I took from the mission. Myra, who went through that death of horror, was the child of my own flesh and blood.*"

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

THE KEY-NOTE OF THE PRESENT REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT IN THE POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC WORLD.

Each epoch of unrest is marked by some predominant thought or ideal, which becomes the key-note of the era. In the Protestant Reformation it was freedom of thought, primarily as it related to religion, but secondarily as it concerned political discussions and other public utterances, education, and scientific research. In the revolutionary period of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries freedom was again the key-note of the epoch, but at this time it related primarily to political rights, especially as they concerned the middle or bourgeois class. Secondarily, the wider view of liberty extended to all lines and spheres of thought and research, and in a measure the public conscience went out to all mankind, no matter how humble or apparently hopeless was the lot of the less fortunate ones.

In the revolutionary risings that marked the meridian period of the nineteenth century, the positive recognition of the rights of man was greatly extended. The slave in our Republic and the oppressed proletariat of the Old World were the chief objects of concern; while the ideal of fraternity rose in an impressive way above the horizon of the world's thought.

After a brief lull and a reactionary movement, a new unrest manifested itself throughout Europe and America. A new dream, fed by many and complex agencies, took possession of the mind of man. Union, or coöperation, became the key-note of the epoch. In political life there arose a great school of social and political philosophy based on the ideal of brotherhood, justice, and equality. Karl Marx and his able co-workers and successors elucidated a profoundly scientific theory or philosophy of government, which, in spite of its arousing the antagonism of hereditary rulers, the aristocracy of birth, and

the power of wealth and self-interest, has steadily and rapidly grown throughout almost every civilized land, until the electorate represented by the modern Socialistic vote to-day numbers many millions.

Another political movement, quite independent of Socialism and yet dominated by the ideal of coöperation and the union of all for the interest of all, found expression in the demand for the municipalization and nationalization of public monopolies—a demand that has rapidly grown during the last few decades until to-day it promises to become at a very early date an overmastering issue throughout the more liberal governments in Europe, America, and Australasia.

Running parallel with these movements in the sphere of politics and government, we find in the commercial world also clearly defined movements dominated by the idea of union, or coöperation. Here two warring forces appear on the scene. One is inspired by the egoistic spirit of modern materialistic commercialism, which is governed by a narrow and short-sighted self-interest; the other is altruistic and seeks the blessings of combination or coöperation for the benefit of those who create wealth. The egoistic commercial coöperative movement is wanting in high ethics and finds expression on the lower plane of action. It consists of the banding together or the coöperation of a few individuals for the exploitation of the many, and aims at abnormally large returns through the enjoyment of monopoly rights. Its latest expression is found in the great modern trust. The marvelous success from a financial point of view of these selfish combinations has been largely rendered possible through special privileges granted by government in tariff laws and through monopoly in land and other privileges enjoyed.

On the other hand, the nobler impulses that have been awakened are also evidenced in the founding of numerous communities and plans for the coöperation of the people for the benefit of the people in the sphere of business life. The great pioneer coöperators saw with clear vision that the revolution inaugurated in material conditions by the marvelous inventions and discoveries of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries rendered union or coöperation of some kind inevitable. They furthermore knew that one of two things would evolve from the new commercial and mercantile situation. Either combinations and monopolies would enrich a few and raise a new aristocracy based on wealth, or a plutocracy that would exercise a real though perhaps less evident and formal

power than did the feudal barons of the Middle Ages or the centralized government with its king and hereditary aristocracy of later days;—in a word, a new order would obtain by means of which the masses of all nations would be so exploited that their condition would become relatively more and more dependent on the “masters of the bread,” or else coöperation would be so established that the people engaged in the creation of wealth should receive an equitable share of the benefits, and in this manner the cause of humanity and progress would be conserved and fostered and civilization would experience no baleful reactionary effect, such as throughout the past had so frequently required revolutions for adjustment. Thus realizing more or less clearly the magnitude and the significance of the problem, the pioneer coöperators battled as best they could to inaugurate successful coöperative movements. The great difficulty lay in awakening the people to the peril and the promise of existing opportunities. A general lethargy had fallen upon the toilers. They lacked education and organization and were largely the prey of demagogues and of the great opinion-forming agencies that were controlled by the egoistic movement.

They were Englishmen who took the lead in the movement. The famous Rochdale plan, very defective, it is true, in many respects and failing measurably in realizing the altruistic ideal, nevertheless has blazed the way for still greater movements and has given the world a practical illustration of what egoists had persistently claimed to be impracticable, visionary, or Utopian.

Few enterprises ever set out with less promise of great success than did the coöperative movement of Great Britain, which to-day numbers about two million members, representing a constituency of about ten million persons. It was inaugurated on a cold, rainy November night in 1843 at Rochdale, England, when twelve poor weavers banded themselves together as the Rochdale Society of Equitable Pioneers. They pledged to pay twenty pence a week into the common fund. Such was their poverty, however, that very few of the twelve were able to pay their pence on the evening of the meeting. Within six months of its inception sixteen other poor workmen had joined the association. The funds for the first twelve months amounted to £12. No profits were realized. The next year the members numbered 74 and the society realized a profit of £22, *two and one-half per cent. of which was set aside for an educational fund.* In 1876 its members numbered 8,892; its volume of

business was over £305,000; while its profits were £50,500, or a little over a quarter of a million dollars. At the present time the coöperative movement in Great Britain, which had this very humble beginning, has grown into one of the most colossal enterprises of the age so preëminent for gigantic commercial undertakings—as will be seen from the recently published report for 1901, which shows a volume of business for last year of £81,782,949, or over \$400,000,000, and that the profits distributed in cash dividends to members amounted to £9,099,412, or more than \$45,000,000. They own and control the largest two wholesale houses in the world, about three thousand retail stores, a large number of factories, and eight ocean steamers; and in addition to this, as has recently been pointed out, they are the largest buyers of goods in the markets of the world. They have reduced the cost of passing goods from the producer to the consumer from thirty-three and one-sixth per cent. to six and one-half per cent. Besides all this, they carry on a vast system of banking, building, fire, life, and accident insurance, education, and various means of recreation and social enjoyment.

In Switzerland coöperation has made great strides, it having to-day 3,400 coöperative societies, though its population is only three million. About one person in every six is a coöperator. In Denmark the coöperators almost control the output of butter, eggs, and bacon, which are the most important products of the country. The membership of the societies in this little kingdom is over 160,000. In Germany the movement is strongly established and is making substantial progress. Here the Socialists as a rule are strong coöperators, while in other Continental countries coöperation is making excellent headway, affording additional evidence of its being at once practicable, profitable, and in alignment with the trend of social and economic development on the one hand and of the spirit of fraternity or brotherhood on the other.

It would be difficult to overestimate the value of the brilliant success of the Rochdale coöperative movement to the cause of altruistic coöperation to-day. It has proved the wisdom, the practicability, and the importance of the coöperation of the creators and consumers of wealth for mutual and equitable benefit at a time when progressive nations, and especially when our own people, are confronted by one of the gravest perils that could menace democracy or liberal government—a peril arising from unlimited wealth in the hands of a few and directed through union or coöperation for the purpose

of self-enrichment at the expense of the masses and for the further augmentation of their wealth through subsidies, protective tariffs, and other means of enrichment by government aid.

In America the coöperative movement, which has been quietly and successfully pushed forward in several localities during recent years, is now assuming commanding proportions, and it bids fair soon to move forward with the irresistible momentum of a great movement that has passed the initial stage and upon whose brow victory is inscribed. California has a large wholesale store and about fifty retail stores where the annual volume of business is already about \$9,000,000. Kansas has a wholesale agency and about twenty-five stores. Massachusetts and Iowa are also achieving success. But the movement that above all promises the greatest results in this country is doubtless the Coöperative Association of America, with headquarters at Lewiston and Auburn, Maine. This association opened its grocery and supply store No. 1 a little over six months ago, and on the first of May, in its first semi-annual report, showed a net profit of \$1,311.76. This association has recently acquired the B. Peck Department Store, the largest store of its kind in New England outside of Boston. It is preparing to open other stores and to extend its business in other directions. All employees receive in addition to their salary ten per cent. of the net profits, while five per cent. of the profits go to an educational fund. This movement is altruistic and permeated with the spirit of brotherhood, while being conducted on wise business principles. It will, we believe, soon become a mighty factor in the present economic struggle—a factor that shall aid in achieving a revolution that, while being peaceful, will also be one of the most momentous and beneficent known to the ages.

The Western Coöperative Association, with headquarters at Trenton, Missouri, also promises to assist materially in furthering just and equitable conditions. This association owns and conducts factories, stores, and a large tract of rich agricultural land. It is reenforced by Ruskin College of Trenton, an educational institution conducted on the highest plane, and where, in addition to the regular curriculum, advanced social and economic philosophy receives special consideration at the hands of some of the ablest thinkers of the day; while practical industrial training is also an important feature of its broad educational work. In the coöperative factory and on the farm poor boys who are willing to work a certain number

of hours each day can almost pay the cost of their schooling while going through the college. The institution has an exceptionally strong and progressive faculty, under the direction of President George McA. Miller.

At the present writing Mr. George F. Washburn, a Boston merchant who has for many years conducted a large and constantly growing business, is preparing to inaugurate extensive coöperative stores and bazaars throughout New England. Mr. Washburn has recently returned from Europe, where he has made a careful study of coöperative experiments in the Old World. He is a progressive economist and reformer of national reputation as well as a clear-headed, large-visioned business man. Therefore, his new movement will be watched with deep interest, and from the first it will command a confidence born of the knowledge that at the head of the enterprise are wise business judgment, sterling integrity, and that conscientious desire to help all which differentiates the altruistic from the egoistic spirit in modern business.

It will be observed that whether it be in the great philosophic Socialistic revolution, or in the general awakening that is leading the best and wisest statesmen, publicists, and thinkers in general to demand public ownership and operation of public utilities, or yet in the great coöperative movement that is assuming such impressive proportions, in each instance the key-note is the same—coöperation, or union for the benefit of all. The spirit of fraternity or brotherhood is the animating soul, and each movement is in perfect alignment with evolutionary development and the onward sweep or current of civilization. The first two movements are primarily political in nature. The third is chiefly economic and educational, though of course political, social, and economic affairs in modern life are intertwined; and it is well to remember that while the coöperative movement is opposed by the powerful egoistic or selfish monopolies and trusts that seek to control the sources, the creation, and the disbursement of life's necessities and luxuries for the abnormal enrichment of a constantly narrowing circle of individuals, and threatening as they do to wipe out the middle class at an early date, and placing this class with the proletariat of to-day wholly at the mercy of the few, so in the political world the opposition to altruism and social advancement and to freedom in government is becoming more and more reactionary. The noblest instruments of the past, such as the Declaration of Independence, for example, and the greatest victories for liberty are being ignored, sneered at, or

minified; while wars of subjugation are pushed relentlessly forward "with marked severity." Deeds of inhumanity and frightful atrocities are being justified or apologized for. Enlarged standing armies, which have been inimical to the cause of freedom and to the masses as well as a terrible burden to the wealth-creators, are being advocated for the Republic on all sides by the egoistic agencies. Dangerous centralization is going on in government, and bureaus are arrogating to themselves the functions of the legislative department of government. A systematic effort is being made to exalt officialism and to throw around the servants of the people a halo corresponding to the old "divine right" idea. Monarchies are courted and our government is showing far more solicitude for them than for republics; while the increasing consideration paid to wealth and the rich is another of many reactionary signs that mark the modern imperialistic spirit in our government and the monopolistic or plutocratic powers in economic life. Both alike are reactionary. Each is in its way more or less consciously battling against the new spirit, which demands equality of opportunity, which is based on fraternity, and whose key-note is *All for all*, or, as Mazzini would put it, "From each man according to his ability; to each man according to his need."

* * *

THE REPORT OF THE STEEL TRUST AS AN OBJECT-LESSON FOR AMERICAN VOTERS.

No fact has been more clearly demonstrated during recent months than that our protective tariff is fostering gigantic and overrich monopolies and trusts, and that by means of this tariff the citizens of our Republic are being shamefully plundered in order that a few men may become all-powerful through a wealth that paralyzes opposition when it cannot corrupt or destroy. The deflecting of millions of dollars from the hard earnings of the American bread-winners into the pockets of the food trust magnate is fresh in the minds of our voters. But the food trust is only one of a brood of predatory bands that are daily oppressing millions as actually as did the feudal barons and lords of the England of the Middle Ages; while their influence in the political life of the

nation is far more insidious and deadly, because the British baronage served as a check to the despotic tendencies of the Crown and in great crucial moments saved the realm from absolutism while laying foundation principles that proved the seed-germs of more popular government.

The new aristocracy of the dollar, however, as represented in the modern trust and monopoly, is wholly reactionary in its influence, and directly or indirectly is influencing and corrupting government in all its ramifications as well as the various public opinion-molding agencies of the Republic.

The history of monopolies is practically the same throughout the ages. They rest on special privileges and, with few exceptions, flourish only when a government is either indifferent to the rights of the people or corrupt and beholden to the monopolies for aids and benefits, direct or indirect. And the history of the rise and rapid advance of the monopolies and trusts with us is one of the most sinister and alarming symptoms of our time. Almost every necessity as well as luxury of life is now in the hands of law bulwarked and protected bodies whose rapid and fabulous increase of wealth is an eloquent answer to the pitiful sophistries of their paid apologists.

When King Charles I. sought to rule without parliaments, he fostered and promoted monopolies, which in turn, after levying extortionate prices on the goods they controlled, turned a share of the booty over to the despotic sovereign, precisely as the predatory bands with us swell the campaign funds of the parties and legislators pledged directly or indirectly to their interests. Indeed, we have come to such a pass that these words of Colepepper in the Long Parliament, as quoted by the historian Green in referring to the monopolies, are equally applicable to the trusts with us: "They sup in our cup; they dip in our dish; they sit by our fire; we find them in the dye-fat and the wash-bowls. They share with the cutler in his box. They have marked and sealed us from head to foot."

The reports of these monopolies are self-convicting. Especially is this the case when they are not prepared by shrewd attorneys, skilled in concealing the truth. Take, for example, the recent report of the steel trust. The market value of its product, according to its own showing, for the last year was \$459,000,000. After meeting all expenditures, including an appropriation of \$24,500,000 for repairs and maintenance of works and \$113,000,000 for running expenses, it has a net profit of \$81,500,000. Furthermore, we are informed, through

a strange lapse in the usual cunning that marks the reports of State protected and pampered corporate bodies, that it is not foreign trade, but home consumption, that has been responsible for this remarkable showing. "We are really too busy at home to do much abroad," says President Schwab.

In this connection the *New York World* makes the following very pertinent observation and query: "This is indeed a joyous report—for the trust. But where do the American people come in? Why, in this prosperous condition, should the trust go on charging Americans \$28.50 per ton for steel rails that it sells to Englishmen at \$22.50 per ton?"

The apologists for protection and for the trusts on every side dilate on, first, the benefits of protection to the workingmen of America, and, second, the benefits of the trust in increased economy and in lowering the prices of manufactured articles. But as a matter of fact the enormous disproportion between the vast acquirement of wealth through extortionate prices, made possible by protection, which is enjoyed by the capitalists, and the relatively small percentage of that increase which the laboring man receives in his wage, is becoming so evident to thoughtful people that signs are not wanting that would indicate that a subsidized press and servile legislators will be unable to check a general revolt on the part of the electorate. Take this single case for an example:

Here we find that Americans are being plundered of \$6 on every ton of steel rails—that President Schwab may enjoy his \$1,000,000 salary and a few men may divide among themselves more than \$80,000,000 a year. Mr. William C. Whitney, whom no one will charge with being biased in favor of the proletariat, recently declared that "we are able to produce steel here cheaper than it can be produced abroad, notwithstanding our higher wages."

The fact that the trust can afford to sell its steel to Englishmen at \$6 per ton less than it demands of our people is conclusive evidence that the tariff on steel is, as has been observed, "no longer levied to protect labor but to foster monopoly," and that in its actual workings it is thus plundering the citizens of the Republic out of millions upon millions of dollars to enrich a gigantic trust, which is already a sinister menace to free government.

Ah! but we are told by the special pleaders that this protection enables the trust to pay larger wages. We reply, To whom? True, the president of the steel trust receives \$1,000,000, and he enjoys vacations that enable him to become notor-

ious throughout Europe by gambling at Monte Carlo and otherwise disbursing his wealth in foreign lands; and certain officials receive salaries of \$50,000 a year. But what do the toilers earn—the toilers, without whose tireless expenditure of brawn no million dollars could annually fall like a golden apple into the lap of one man, and no \$81,500,000 could further augment the wealth of an overrich few? The average wage paid is \$2.50 a day. That is, supposing the toiler knew no rest-day save Sunday in the year, and that he was never ill, he could at most by daily slaving earn \$782.50 a year. The highest wage paid the toilers is \$4 a day. This sum is received by the puddlers, whose frightful work is so vividly described by Zola in "Labor"—a work that burns the eyes, scorches the body, and ages the toiler in an incredibly short time. And these poor sons of humanity, toiling in this inferno, if no sickness overtakes them and if no holidays are taken save Sundays, can at best earn as a maximum \$1,252 a year for the few years that they can slave ere death or invalidism overtakes them.

These facts and figures are sufficient to convince any person, not so blinded by prejudice that he has lost the power of independent thought, that the tariff on steel is placing the American nation at the mercy of a predatory band that is filching \$6 a ton more from the purses of the people than is demanded from Englishmen—a band that is acquiring a net profit of between \$75,000,000 and \$100,000,000 a year. The longer the trusts and monopolies rule the nation, the more deadly becomes the peril to free government. This robbery of the American people, great as is the moral crime, is a small thing compared with the enslavement of the nation to class-conscious capitalistic organizations that are exerting a baleful and reactionary influence on free and popular government in all its departments.

The voters of America to-day are confronted by a duty as solemn and momentous as that which devolved on Samuel Adams, John Hancock, and the revolutionary fathers. If a price amounting to \$6 on the ton more than is charged Englishmen is to be extorted from the Americans through the operation of the protective tariff, who should enjoy the enormous aggregate of this sum? A few score of men who are pouring out wealth at Monte Carlo and at coronation fêtes, or the American people at large? Either let the Government take over the steel trust, that illegitimate profits may cease and the whole nation may become the beneficiaries of

legitimate earnings, or else strike from the statute-books the special privileges that enable a single corporation thus to rob our own people.

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THE GOVERNMENT, THE BEEF TRUST, AND THE PEOPLE.

A LESSON ON THE IMPORTANCE OF HAVING RULERS WHO PLACE THE INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE ABOVE THOSE OF THE TRUSTS.

A few months ago we called attention to the manner in which President Diaz broke up the corn monopoly in Mexico, which was oppressing the people after the manner pursued by the beef trust in the United States. President Diaz, exercising a power lodged with him by the Mexican Congress of discontinuing the tariff on any article of necessity when a monopoly created artificial prices, promptly took off the duty on corn from the United States; and, finding that the people were still suffering from high prices, owing to the strength of the monopoly and its control over bread, he laid the matter before Congress and suggested that the State be authorized to buy corn, and if necessary sell it at a loss, until the price was brought down to a normal figure. This suggestion was acted upon favorably, and the Mexican Central Railroad was asked by the Government to transport the corn thus bought at cost from El Paso. In an almost incredibly short time the back-bone of the monopoly was broken, and from the artificial or inflated price corn fell to the figure warranted by prevailing conditions.

How different was this strenuous course from that taken by our own Administration! Since February the beef trust has been advancing the price of meat until it is beyond the reach of the poor, and all but the wealthy find it difficult, if not impossible, to buy the usual quota for the family. By this arbitrary advance in price the trust has been enabled to acquire enormous sums of money from the toilers of America.

But such oppression would have been impossible had it not been for the tariff on Canadian and Mexican meat. In this crisis a large number of the great papers of the land urged the President to send a special message to Congress suggesting

the discontinuance of the duty on meat in consideration of the fact that the dinner-pails of American workers were meatless. A message of this character, it was admitted on all hands, would have been immediately and favorably acted upon by Congress, in view of the widespread indignation over the shameful extortions and the fact that Congressional elections are pending. Such action on the part of the Administration would have resulted in an immediate reduction in the price of meat; it would have won for the President the gratitude of millions of American citizens: but it would have offended—aye, mortally offended—the predatory bands that prey off of the people; while the legal proceedings, which the President has directed the erstwhile trust and corporation lawyer who now occupies the Attorney-General's chair to institute, and in which the latter is to employ the leaden blade of the Anti-Trust law, have created no serious offense even among the heads of the beef trust, judging from their words and actions. The latter procedure at best involves time, while a prompt and strenuous course, such as outlined above, would immediately secure the people relief.

In this connection it should be observed that the trust urged the scarcity of meat as a justification for the exorbitant prices; but the absurdity of this position is thus pointed out by the *Boston Post* in a leading editorial of May 12:

"While pleading a scarcity of cattle and of corn in justification of the excessive price charged consumers in the United States, it appears from the treasury statistics that nearly \$9,000,000 worth of American meats was exported in the month of March last, selling in London for at least a third less than the market price here. Congress ought to stop this discrimination without awaiting the slow progress of the Attorney-General's case against the trust."

Moreover, it has been shown that for years this overrich trust, which is protected at every point by high tariffs, has steadily increased the prices of its products out of all proportion to any increase in the price of live stock.

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THE RECENT STREET-CAR STRIKE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The action of Mayor Schmitz of San Francisco during the recent street-railway strike deserves the highest commendation

from all justice and order loving American citizens. When the strike came, the street-railway company, adopting the policy of the arrogant corporations that wax rich through the enjoyment of public franchises that should be operated for the benefit of the people, promptly prepared to man the cars with armed detectives. At this juncture the mayor interfered. He declared that neither side should arm. He believed the usual disorder, riots, and bloodshed that mark such strikes were due to the corporations overcoming the passive resistance of the strikers by manning the cars with armed and irresponsible detectives and in other ways fostering disturbances by which they were able to demand city, State, or government aid, while giving their servants in the press a plausible excuse for denouncing the strikers. The plea made by the managers that the new men would not run the cars without guards was held, and justly held, by the mayor to be unwarranted, since there had been no demonstration of lawlessness or violence of any kind. The mayor made it understood that he did not propose to tolerate riots or lawlessness, but he also did not propose to allow the corporation to take steps not warranted by the conditions, and that would tend to create disturbances. The result was what the mayor doubtless anticipated it would be. The company, finding it could not run the cars so long as the strikers were peaceable, promptly agreed to arbitrate, and a strike that would doubtless have lasted long and been marked by bloodshed and great cost to the city was promptly and peacefully settled.

Mr. Louis F. Post, in commenting on this important victory for order and justice, observes that—"The San Francisco mayor's action in this street-car strike furnishes a precedent in the labor conflict which cannot safely be departed from hereafter anywhere in the country. The public official who in the future allows street-car companies to arm will be held responsible by public opinion for any resulting disorder."

* * *

BRUTALIZING THE AMERICAN SOLDIER AND DEMORALIZING AMERICAN YOUTH.

There is perhaps but one thing more demoralizing to American soldiers than being compelled to execute barbarous orders of brutal officers, who have resorted to the water torture and

who have given orders to turn home-dotted plains into howling wildernesses and to kill all above ten, and that is the acquittal of these officers after the crimes had been proved or they had admitted giving the criminal orders. And yet the brutalizing of our soldiers by being compelled to execute or witness these inhuman orders is hardly more demoralizing than is the influence upon the minds of the young of our Republic of the War Department and the Administration journals justifying, minimizing, and glossing over these fiendish and inhuman deeds, which have indelibly stained the flag of our nation and made the great Republic almost as odious in the eyes of the liberty-loving Filipinos as was the galling tyranny of Spain, which for generations they strove so bravely to throw off.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

REVIEWED BY B. O. FLOWER.*

SANITY OF MIND: A Study of its Conditions, and of the Means to its Development and Preservation. By David F. Lincoln, M.D. Cloth, 178 pp. Price, \$1.25. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

It would be difficult to overestimate the value of this little volume at the present time, when the public mind is beginning to awaken to the importance of checking the growth and spread of diseases of the mind through rational methods of treatment based on fundamental principles. More than a century has passed since Pinel raised his voice against the hideously brutal treatment of the insane that stained the history of Christian Europe up to the period of the French Revolution. No nobler battle was ever fought for humanity than that waged by the great Frenchman and his few co-workers against the medical profession backed by religious prejudice and an indifferent public. About half a century later Dorothy Dix inaugurated a revolution in the treatment of the insane, first in Massachusetts and later throughout the Atlantic States; and still later she performed a noble labor in Europe in quickening the moral sensibilities of nations on this vital question.

As a result of the moral awakening that followed the labors of Pinel, the system of treatment has not only been humanized and revolutionized, but it has been marked by a steady improvement. Splendid hospitals and groups of cottages have arisen, where beauty, harmony, and loving care supplement the labors of skilled physicians in the care of the patients.

Yet, encouraging as is this change, it represents a phase of a great problem far less important to society and posterity than the fundamental causes and preventive remedies. Society is only beginning to appreciate the fact that, by the exercise of far-sighted wisdom and broad humanitarianism, insanity, crime, and poverty may be reduced to a minimum; and it is with the fundamental conditions favoring the development of sanity of mind that Dr. Lincoln deals in his new work. Unlike most volumes from the pens of physicians, this treatise is free from the technical terms and Latin phrases affected by the pedantic. It deals with the subject in a fundamental manner, but it is thoroughly lucid and eminently practical.

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Dr. Lincoln finds certain great root causes that affect the sanity of mind, such as heredity, prenatal conditions, early environment, including the immensely important subject of proper education and abnormal conditions as they relate to the outer life and the government of appetites, passions, and desires. Our author's views on the influence of heredity are of special interest. He says:

"One of the most important specialists in insanity, and, I venture to add, one of the fairest-minded, has expressed himself to me in conversation to the effect that the *fatal necessity* of insane entailment has been greatly exaggerated, and forms a popular error. What is inherited is tendency. . . .

"There is no doubt that erroneous, and in part exaggerated, views prevail in regard to the heredity of insanity.

"A great many cases of insanity are, as far as very careful examination shows, 'without heredity.' The number in which insanity in near relatives can be shown to exist is rather surprisingly small—probably amounting to a fifth or a quarter of all cases; and if we double this to allow for imperfect data, we still have remaining a great number of cases in which insanity is probably original with the patient. . . .

"The tendency or susceptibility to insanity (which is all that is inherited) may be described as consisting in an unusual *instability* of the nerve-tissue; a want of power of resistance to the assaults of the manifold causes of insanity. The power possessed by the skilful educator, in steadying and strengthening such deficiencies, is very great."

Another interesting observation that will surprise many readers is found in his remarks touching the effect of intermarriage on offspring, or, rather, the fact that when the stock is healthy the evil effects usually supposed to follow intermarriage are not in evidence. "The production of insanity, feeble-mindedness, or other defects, by the intermarriage of near blood relatives," he tells us, "is a subject of great popular misunderstanding. There is nothing in such marriages, between sound parties with good family history, to cause degeneration. . . . In pure, healthy stocks, in secluded regions, very frequent marriages of relatives have been known to occur for many generations without deteriorating the breed of man."

Persons coming from families in which there is insanity may, and frequently do, inherit a tendency that makes it doubly important that, by a normal life and the right education, that tendency may be met and overcome.

A great predisposing cause of mental disorders lies in the inherited weakness of parents in certain directions—"that depression of vital force, known as degeneration, which manifests itself in the production of a numerous brood of ill-featured disorders." Elsewhere our author points out the important fact that—

"This susceptibility to temporary mental derangement is almost universal. The susceptibility to the graver disturbances called insanity is rather general. I believe that with suitable appliances one might safely contract to manufacture it on a wholesale basis, as the criminal condition is manufactured by the wholesale in 'slum' life. But in insanity, as in crime, there is a class whose susceptibility to injurious impressions is greatly heightened by inborn defects."

The contemplation of these and kindred facts suggests some important considerations, such as: (1) The right of the child to be well born; (2) the right and duty of society to concern itself with the subject; (3) the importance of a normal life to the individual and the State; and (4) the imperative demand that the early environment and education of the child be such as to promote sanity of mind.

Extremes in life are unfavorable to sanity. The imagination calls for wholesome variety; but excesses or conditions that hold life in a state of tensiety are probably quite as fatal to a sound, well-balanced reason as monotony. It has been frequently pointed out that while life in the country, when diversified and enjoyed under reasonably normal conditions, promotes strong, sound, well-balanced minds, the monotonous and hard lives of farmers' wives, especially in sparsely settled districts and where the daily round of duties is marked by little variation, are conducive to mental derangements, as is shown by the appalling number of cases of insanity reported among the farmers' wives in the great agrarian States of the West.

On the other hand, the high-tension city life, with its noise and din, with its excitement and manifold temptations to excess and dissipation, is one of the most fruitful causes of diseases of the mind and moral weakness, intemperance, and crime. Doubtless when farmers are so situated as to be able to build their homes in groups or hamlets, and are wise enough to do so, and when they come to appreciate the value of a few dollars spent in musical instruments, in art works, in interesting periodical literature, and especially in fine works of imagination, such as the really great novels, there will be a rapid diminution in insanity and sickness. And when our cities realize that the slums are plague spots that can and must be abolished, and an enlightened municipal conscience also realizes the evil influence of the artificial life fostered in overcrowded districts to such a degree that all the outlying sections of our cities shall be brought into easy touch with the throbbing centers of life, and special inducements are offered to home-makers to desert the overcrowded hive life, there will be again seen a material decrease in insanity and a general rise in the normal life and the moral energies of the people. Monotony and a feverish, artificial life are two positive foes to sanity of mind that challenge the serious consideration of all thoughtful men and women interested in the rise of man and the permanence of civilization.

Perhaps no factor is more important, however, than the proper education and development of the young; and certainly no two chapters in the volume are so pregnant with practical and vitally important truths as those dealing with Education and Self-Education. In the former chapter we have a luminous discussion, at once scientific and practical. Here are a few excerpts that will hint at the author's thought and prove interesting to the reader:

"As we have already said, schooling is not equivalent to education. Education implies, first, a supply of food, clothing, shelter, sunlight; next, bodily exercise and training; next, mental illumination; and,

crowning the whole, development of habits, morals, and the will. In a word, it is the 'raising and breaking-in' of the young animal—the whole 'upbringing' of the young person.

"The new movement in favor of swimming baths, recreation grounds and playgrounds, and municipal gymnasiums is also very encouraging. No one with natural feelings can help being glad to see children play. During the hour of play we give Nature her turn as educator. If grown people were responsible for the whole mental make-up of the young folks, what a direful set of prigs and puppets we should have! Fortunately, there is extant among children a great and ancient tradition, which has the force of law, describing the games which their child-ancestors played before A B C was taught. These games are well suited to bring out some of the basal traits of character and intellect—quick sight, dexterity of hand, agility, lung-power, speed, endurance, with love of fairness, self-assertion, will-power, social instinct, and general experience of unveiled human nature.

"It may startle some to find 'lung-power' included among evidences of character. But there is no bodily function which stands so near the center of vitality as respiration. There is no condition of the human frame more antithetic to the cravings of vice than that of the panting player with the call of the game ringing in his ears. Expanding the chest—increasing the 'vital index' of the gymnast—places the man or woman on a higher plane of vitality, which, it is the contention of the present book, lies at the basis of psychic health.

"Too great emphasis cannot be laid upon the subordination of scholastic interests to those of a physical order in children of nervous tendencies, or who are precocious or one-sided in their development. Nevertheless, there is a point of view from which the strictly mental training becomes of the highest importance for such children; I mean the fact—for such I believe it to be—of the superior resistance and stability of the well-trained brain, as compared with the unschooled and neglected.

"The health of each separate faculty and the collective health of the organism (body and mind) are best promoted by first building the physical and anatomical structure; second, by waiting till Nature wakes up each faculty in the child; and third, by a vigorous and adequate training given to the faculty, when ready for the task, and no sooner. The danger of premature action is greater than that of postponement. But the neglect to use the right moment involves a loss, not easily recovered, perhaps never. The large number of uneducated persons found among the criminal classes points a moral here."

The chapter on "Self-Education" is a valuable contribution to present-day literature on practical self-help, and should be carefully perused by all who, owing to the presence of insanity in their family, live in more or less dread of the disease.

Dr. Lincoln, though thoroughly alive to the gravity of the subject and the apparently enormous increase in insanity throughout civilized lands, is by no means pessimistic. He points out the important facts that the increase is in a degree apparent rather than real, or that a large percentage of the increase is due to more complete returns, and that until society provides itself with large, well-appointed, and commodious hospitals, where the insane can be treated in comfort and with kindness, it is impossible to obtain even an approximate census of the insane, as few are sent to asylums when friends can keep them out, and sensitiveness keeps many from reporting cases for census purposes.

Besides, under the present-day humane treatment the incurably insane live much longer than heretofore. Still, after all reasonable allowances are made, there is an increase in ratio that may well give the thoughtful citizen grave concern. Here are some facts on this point:

"The number of the insane reported by the United States Census for 1890 is 106,485, which is estimated as about one-half of the probable actual number of cases. But the increase (which is the matter of chief concern) is found, both in Europe and America, to have been so rapid, during the last half century, as to arouse alarm. In England, from 1849 to 1894, the insane population nearly quadrupled, while the total population hardly doubled. In Scotland, between 1859 and 1894, the number of insane persons to every hundred thousand of population rose from 192 to 325—an increase of seventy per cent. in the frequency of its occurrence. In Ireland, during thirty years (1862-1892), the population diminished by twenty per cent., while the actual number of the insane more than doubled. In Massachusetts, during fifteen years (1878-1893), the resident insane increased annually six per cent., while the general population gained only about three per cent."

And elsewhere our author observes:

"There is much to lead us to take a gloomy view of the prospects of civilized humanity. Pauperism, syphilis, alcoholism, the abuse of opium and other narcotics, are commonly believed to be upon the increase. The country is crowding into the cities, leaving the one more lonely and making the other more stifling. The stress of business competition daily grows keener, and slow starvation is the lot of whole populations of honest artisans. Degeneracy springs up everywhere before our eyes from this evil seed. Viewing these things in the mass, we are appalled—but, separately, each offers a distinct problem with hopes of solution at the hands of psychiatry, sociology, penology, and education."

Doubtless the stress and strain of modern civilization, and the imperfect system of education by which the mind is so frequently overtaxed, are responsible for very much of the mental disturbance among civilized peoples. Touching this thought Dr. Lincoln observes:

"Modern civilization entails new forms of mental life, more trying forms. It is the change, the competition, the pace at which we live, that strains us. We are not more intellectual than were the associates of Pericles, of Augustus, of Leonardo da Vinci; but we are forcing the commonplace man to try to stand where these men did. It is not the possession of intellectual superiority, not scientific thought and work, that endanger men's wits, but rather the intense devotion of gifted but unbalanced minds to the subjective life and the emotional side of art and poetry."

Educators, statesmen, and publicists, as well as citizens in general, should take to heart the fact that such is the solidarity of the race that indifference to the weaker sooner or later means injury to the stronger. It may be in the contagion that is bred in the overcrowded slums and creeps forth as a miasma, entering the homes of the rich; it may be through the hand of crime, born of conditions that foster and promote moral decay; it may be through insanity that might have been prevented by just conditions and wise concern for the general weal; or it may be in multitudinous other ways that the great law of solidarity is

at length borne home with terrible emphasis. Then, too, comes that other law that relates to the sowing and the reaping, and it complements the law of unity, each teaching its lesson, each threatening the very life of civilization if nations refuse to heed this solemn warning.

This volume is an exhaustive and careful work, and merits wide and careful reading.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE GRAY HORSE TROOP. By Hamlin Garland. Cloth, 416 pp. Price, \$1.50. New York: Harper & Brothers.

I.

The many thousands of old ARENA readers who in the early nineties were wont eagerly to seize upon the strong, virile stories of Hamlin Garland, palpitating as they were with high moral purpose and permeated with the spirit of justice, will hail with joy Mr. Garland's latest and, considered from all viewpoints, strongest long story, "The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop;" for, quite apart from its deep interest as a well wrought out romance of love and adventure, it is worthy to rank with the ablest pleas for justice for the Indian that have appeared in essay or fiction. In this work Mr. Garland is camping on his old trail; that is, he is writing fiction with a strong moral purpose in view. He is following under Victor Hugo's standard, "Art for progress, the Beautiful useful," rather than the pitiful dilettante cry of an emasculated civilization, "Art for art's sake."

I well remember receiving the first manuscript sent us by Mr. Garland. It was "A Prairie Heroine." The story came to hand with several phrases crossed out that voiced the sentiments of the militant Single Taxer in a way quite offensive to those who hold that the function of fiction is merely to amuse. I immediately accepted the story, but wrote Mr. Garland, who was then living in Boston, that I should prefer the cashiered sentences replaced. In response to this note Mr. Garland called at our office, and from that date began our friendship. THE ARENA published Mr. Garland's first volume of short stories, "Main-Traveled Roads," a book of short stories that, in my judgment, has not been equaled for strength, fidelity to truth, or lifelike delineation of Western farm life, by any similar volume that has yet appeared. We next published his "Jason Edwards," a vivid and heart-gripping tale embodying a strong plea for justice to the farmers and artisans. About this time a Western firm published "A Member of the Third House," a novel suggested by the legislative examination of a street-railway scandal at the Massachusetts State House, which first brought to the front in political notice the Hon. George Fred Williams, the scholar in politics, who then, as he has ever since done, stood for right, justice, and all that is best in manhood and statecraft. At that investigation, when Mr. Williams was arousing the undying hatred of corporate greed by his uncompromising attitude, Mr. Garland was an interested

onlooker; and then it was that the story of "A Member of the Third House" began to take shape in his mind. The book was a manly unmasking of the corrupt methods of great corporations, by which the press and the lawmaking bodies of our land have directly or indirectly been influenced to favor individuals and corporations against the public weal. Then came "A Spoil of Office," a noble story of the agrarian uprising of the early nineties.

These writings were typical of the early work of Mr. Garland, which won for him the love and admiration of tens of thousands of earnest men and women, but which was far from pleasing to conventional critics. With "Rose of Dutcher's Cooley," Mr. Garland seemed to many of us to have departed from his old ideal. The desire to portray phases of Western life without emphasizing a vital moral truth seemed to have gained ascendancy over the worthy ideal of making fiction a vehicle for furthering civilization in one of the most crucial epochs known to history. And much of his subsequent work has seemed to indicate that the one who many of us believed would become the leader in a virile literary movement, in which the highest ethical and social ideals would be so emphasized as to do much to awaken the sleeping conscience of our nation, had entered the crowded ranks of those who were content to subordinate justice and ethics to a desire to please superficial and flippant readers. Hence, it is with genuine gladness that we meet the Garland of other days again in his latest novel. Here is a strong clear note for justice. Here is the brave ethical leader, who, without sacrificing art in the least, makes a strong appeal to all that is best in the hearts of his readers.

II.

"The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop" deals with the life-work of Captain Curtis, a young military officer whose life is largely dominated by conscience and the ideal of duty. He has learned the sign language of the Indians, and during his wanderings among the fast-disappearing red men has come largely into sympathy and *rapproch* with them. He and a literary friend named Lawson, who has also mastered the sign language, have become cognizant of the outrageous speculation and shameful conduct of many Indian agents; while the remorseless warfare of gradual extermination waged by Christian America against the original settlers fills both the young men with indignation. Captain Curtis is outspoken in the expression of his view that the Indian agencies should be placed under the management of army officials of the highest integrity instead of being given to questionable individuals who possessed "pulls" with certain politicians at Washington.

On the accession of a Reform administration Curtis is appointed Indian agent at the Tetong reservation, much to his disappointment, for the place is not one to his liking. Nevertheless, he determines to accept and to bend his best energies toward solving the problem along the lines of justice and equity. He is ordered to take possession of the agency immediately, and not to allow the incumbent access to his office

after the arrival of Curtis, as the Government believes there have been speculation and other irregularities in the conduct of this agent's administration. Arriving at his destination, Curtis encounters a stormy protest from the agent and his son, both of whom, however, after sinister threats, disappear. At the reservation the Captain and his sister find Mr. Lawson, who is studying the Indians for an ethnological paper he is preparing, and the niece of the former agent, one Elsie Brisbane, an artist, who is the beautiful daughter of ex-Senator Brisbane. The latter, a former Senator from the State in which the reservation is located, is a man of wealth and power in the national capital and one of the most dangerous enemies of the red man in the land. He belongs to the masterful men who represent the present-day brutal utilitarianism or the materialistic, greed-absorbed spirit of modern commercialism, which is sapping the vitality of free government and which is unquestionably the most deadly menace that confronts the Republic.

Elsie, who has come to the reservation with her aunt, is engaged in making studies of the Indians for Mr. Lawson. She has inherited her father's prejudice against the small peoples of earth, and in particular dislikes the Indians. From the meeting of Captain Curtis with Elsie begins a strong and well wrought out love romance.

The fact that Captain Curtis and Senator Brisbane are at war at every point in regard to the Indian, that the war becomes relentless, and that the opposing forces of justice and greed are equally determined, lends a special interest to a story that is at all times spirited and often highly dramatic. Elsie at first possesses all her father's brutal prejudices. She is a pampered child of wealth and ease, but also a girl of great strength of character and latent moral rectitude; and the dawn, the growth, and final mastery of love, carrying her, as it does, up from the slough of selfishness and indifference to an enlightened interest and sympathy for the unfortunates, is a fine piece of literary work possessing high ethical value.

The scene of the story shifts from the reservation to Washington and back to the reservation. There are fine, sympathetic, and true studies of the Indian as he is seen to-day—perhaps the best that have yet been made in fiction; while the contrast between the life on the reservation and that of the wealthy at the national capital is only surpassed in boldness by the warfare of light against darkness, of justice against cupidity, of humanity against brutal utilitarianism, that gives peculiar interest and value to this volume for all who believe in "Art for progress."

There are several weird pictures and much that is vivid and spirited in this work. The Indian council and dance; the attack of the mob; the lynching of Cut Finger and the rescue of an Indian chief from the insane mob by Captain Curtis; the angry controversy between Curtis and Brisbane in Washington, which culminates when the former is unceremoniously ordered from the Senator's house; the collapse of the Senator while denouncing Curtis on the Western hustings—these are a few intensely dramatic situations that lead me to believe that a strong,

popular, and successful play might easily be made from the book: a play that would come to a beautiful and highly artistic, though not particularly dramatic, close, with the review of the Indian triumphal procession by Elsie and Curtis, in which both are clothed in the picturesque costume of the red man.

"The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop" is a volume that I can heartily recommend to all as a book that will not only deeply interest the reader, but that cannot fail to exert a wholesome influence upon all who peruse its pages. It is a novel that makes for justice and righteousness.

CAPE COD BALLADS. Poems by Joe Lincoln. Drawings by Kemble. Cloth, 193 pp. Price, \$1.25 net. Trenton, N. J.: Albert Brandt, publisher.

Lovers of popular lays and verses descriptive of the common life will take genuine delight in Joe Lincoln's "Cape Cod Ballads," which has just appeared from the Brandt Press; for here will be found almost fourscore of those popular rhymes which, originally appearing in *Harper's Weekly*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *Youths' Companion*, and other journals, were promptly copied by the daily and weekly press of the land.

Mr. Lincoln is a young man, being born in Brewster, Mass., in 1870, but his verse has made his name a household word in thousands of homes. He is the youngest of a coterie of singers of the common life in homely phrase, and of which James Whitcomb Riley stands at the head, with Sam Walter Foss and Will Carleton as well-known representatives.

Many of Mr. Lincoln's verses contain exquisite home pictures and child memories, which, softened and glorified by the lapse of time, possess all the beauty of the distant mountain-peak crowned with glistening snow and robed in purple haze—pictures that are always dear to the normal mind when the materialism of modern life has not crushed out idealism. An example of this kind is found in the following lines from "The Meadow Road":

Just a simple little picture of a sunny country road

Leading down beside the ocean's pebbly shore,
Where a pair of patient oxen slowly drag their heavy load,
And a barefoot urchin trudges on before:

Yet I'm dreaming o'er it, smiling, and my thoughts are far away

'Mid the glorious summer sunshine long ago,
And once more a happy, careless boy, in memory I stray
Down a little country road I used to know.

* * * * *

Down the lane behind the orchard where the wild rose blushes sweet,

Through the pasture, past the spring beside the brook,
Where the clover blossoms press their dewy kisses on my feet
And the honeysuckle scents each shady nook;

By the meadow and the bushes, where the blackbirds build their nests,
 Up the hill, beneath the shadow of the pine,
 Till the breath of ocean meets us, dancing o'er his sparkling crests,
 And our faces feel the tingling of the brine.

* * * * *

Just a simple little picture, yet its charm is o'er me still,
 And again my boyish spirit seems to glow,
 And once more a barefoot urchin am I wandering at will
 Down that little country road I used to know.

In addition to this faithful shadowing forth of childhood memories, we note a pleasing rhythmic quality present in many of Mr. Lincoln's lines—a quality that seems to partake of the spirit of the subject described. Thus, in "The Song of the Sea" we not only catch vivid pictures of the ocean that awaken multitudinous memories of the past, but something of the majestic roll, something of the crooning and the roar of the deep, seems to keep up an accompaniment to the author's rhyme:

Oh, the song of the Sea—
 The wonderful song of the Sea!
 Like the far-off hum of a throbbing drum
 It steals through the night to me:
 And my fancy wanders free
 To a little seaport town,
 And a spot I knew, where the roses grew
 By a cottage small and brown;
 And a child strayed up and down
 Over hillock and beach and lea,
 And crept at dark to his bed, to hark
 To the wonderful song of the Sea.

Oh, the song of the Sea—
 The mystical song of the Sea!
 What strains of joy to a dreaming boy
 That music was wont to be!
 And the night-wind through the tree
 Was a perfumed breath that told
 Of the spicy gales that filled the sails
 Where the tropic billows rolled
 And the rovers hid their gold
 By the lone palm on the key,—
 But the whispering wave their secret gave
 In the mystical song of the Sea.

Oh, the song of the Sea—
 The beautiful song of the Sea!
 The mighty note from the ocean's throat,
 The laugh of the wind in glee!
 And swift as the ripples flee
 With the surges down the shore,
 It bears me back, o'er life's long track,
 To home and its love once more.
 I stand at the open door,
 Dear mother, again with thee,
 And hear afar on the booming bar
 The beautiful song of the Sea.

It is perhaps in the homely and humorous life-pictures in which children, with the charming frankness of youth, describe things as they are, or at least as they appear to the candid mind of the young, that Mr. Lincoln is most happy. An excellent example of this character is found in these stanzas descriptive of a sewing circle:

Me and Billy's in the woodshed; Ma said, "Run outdoors and play;
Be good boys and don't be both'rin', till the comp'ny's gone away."
She and sister Mary's hustlin', settin' out the things for tea,
And the parlor's full of women, such a crowd you never see;
Every one a-cuttin' patchwork or a-sewin' up a seam,
And the way their tongues is goin', seems as if they went by steam.
Me and Billy's been a-listenin' and, I tell you what, it beats
Circus day to hear 'em gabbin', when the Sewin' Circle meets.

First they almost had a squabble, fightin' 'bout the future life;
When they'd settled that they started runnin' down the parson's wife.
Then they got a-goin' roastin' all the folks there is in town,
And they never stopped, you bet yer, till they'd done 'em good and brown.

They knew everybody's business and they made it mighty free,
But the way they loved *each other* would have done yer good ter see;
Seems ter me the only way ter keep yer hist'ry off the streets
Is to be on hand a-waitin' when the Sewin' Circle meets.

Pretty quick they'll have their supper, then's the time to see the fun;
Ma'll say the rolls is *awful*, and she's 'fraid the pie ain't done.
Really everything is bully, and she knows it well enough,
But the folks that's havin' comp'ny always talks that kind of stuff.
That sets all the women goin', and they say, "How *can* you make
Such *delicious* pies and biscuits, and such *lovely* choc'late cake?"
Me and Billy don't say nothin' when we pitches in and eats
Up the things there is left over when the Sewin' Circle meets.

I guess Pa don't like the Circle, 'cause he said ter Uncle Jim
That there cacklin' hen convention was too peppery for *him*.
And he'll say ter Ma, "I'm sorry, but I've really got ter dodge
Down t' the right after supper—there's a meetin' at the lodge."
Ma'll say, "Yes, so I expected." Then, a-speakin' kinder cold,
"Seems ter me, I'd get a new one; that excuse is gettin' old!"
Pa'll look sick, just like a feller when he finds you know he cheats,
But he don't stay home, you bet yer, when the Sewin' Circle meets.

Many of the poems are well suited for popular recitations, especially for encores. The poem entitled "A Thanksgiving Dream" is a delightful piece, and these lines on "His New Brother" are typical of a number of lays of child life that cannot fail to remain very popular; because, in addition to their natural humor, they reflect juvenile thought with fidelity, keen insight, and heart interest:

Say, I've got a little brother,
Never teased to have him, nuther,
But he's here;
They just went ahead and bought him,
And, last week the doctor brought him,
Wa'n't that queer?

When I heard the news from Molly,
 Why, I thought at first 'twas jolly,
 'Cause, you see,
 I s'posed I could go and get him
 And then Mama, course, would let him
 Play with me.

But when I had once looked at him,
 "Why!" I says, "My sakes, is *that* him?
 Just that mite!"
 They said, "Yes," and, "Ain't he cunnin'?"
 And I thought they must be funnin',—
 He's a *sight*!

He's so small, it's just amazin',
 And you'd think that he was blazin',
 He's so red;
 And his nose is like a berry,
 And he's bald as Uncle Jerry
 On his head.

Why, he isn't worth a dollar!
 All he does is cry and holler
 More and more;
Won't sit up—you can't arrange him,—
 I don't see why Pa don't change him
 At the store.

Now we've got to dress and feed him,
 And we really didn't *need* him
 More'n a frog;
 Why'd they buy a baby brother,
 When they know I'd *good* deal ruther
 Have a dog?

The following poem, entitled "A College Training," is irresistibly funny, though its ethics are not above criticism; yet these stanzas are quite an exception in this respect, for as a rule the atmosphere of the book is not only normal but thoroughly wholesome, and in very many poems important lessons and truths are emphasized:

Home from college came the stripling, calm and cool and debonair,
 With a weird array of raiment and a wondrous wealth of hair,
 With a lazy love of languor and a healthy hate of work
 And a cigarette devotion that would shame the turbaned Turk.
 And he called his father "Guv'nor," with a cheek serene and rude,
 While that raging, wrathful rustic called his son a "blasted dude,"
 And in dark and direful language muttered threats of coming harm
 To the "idle, shif'less critter" from his father's good right arm.

And the trouble reached a climax on the lawn behind the shed,—
 "Now, I'm goin' ter lick yer, sonny," so the sturdy parent said,
 "And I'll knock the college nonsense from your noddle, mighty quick!"
 Then he lit upon that chappy like a wagon-load of brick.
 But the youth serenely murmured, as he gripped his angry dad,
 "You're a clever rusher, Guv'nor, but you tackle very bad;"
 And he rushed him through the center and he tripped him for a fall,
 And he scored a goal and touchdown with his papa as the ball.

Then a cigarette he lighted, as he slowly strolled away,
Saying, "That was jolly, Guv'nor, now we'll practise every day;"
While his father from the puddle, where he wallowed in disgrace,
Smiled upon his offspring proudly, from a bruised and battered face,
And with difficulty rising, quick he hobbled to the house.
"Henry's all right, Ma!" he shouted to his anxious waiting spouse,
"He jest licked me good and solid, and I tell yer, Mary Ann,
When a chap kin lick *your husband* he's a mighty able man!"

The above selections will serve to acquaint the reader with the character of the contents of the volume. The poems, as is usually the case with books of this kind, are of unequal value; a few, I think, are hardly worthy of a place in the volume, but the collection as a whole is excellent.

The illustrations by Edward W. Kemble are most of them spirited and well done. Like every volume that comes from the press of Albert Brandt, the work is a model of excellence in the book-maker's art. Mr. Brandt's enthusiasm in the making of fine books reminds one of the old-time love of arts and crafts that marked the master spirits in various lines of work before the advent of the present age of machinery, with its fierce rush and hurry and its greed of gold.

JOHN GILDART. A heroic poem by M. E. Henry-Ruffin. Cloth, illustrated, 80 pp. New York: Wm. H. Young & Co., publishers.

This is a deeply tragic story, told in verse; and, though very superior to most of the long poems that have appeared in recent years from the pens of occasional verse-makers, it is not particularly strong in its poetic qualities. It deals with a youth happily wedded to a sweet country girl. Together they builded a cheerful home, and all went well until war broke out and the young man felt that duty called him to the field of action. He became a color bearer and bravely bore his part until more than a year from the time he enlisted, when news was brought him of the burning of his property and the serious and perhaps fatal illness of his young wife. He sought the general's tent to ask for leave of absence, but admission was denied him. The general was busy—a great battle was pending. In a frenzy over the news, and believing that inasmuch as he joined the army of his own accord his leaving under such conditions would not be severely punished, he set out for his home, nursed his wife back to health, and returned to die the ignominious death of a deserter.

The volume is printed in large, pleasing type and contains several well-executed full-page illustrations.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE recent Memorial Day address of President Roosevelt, in which an attempt was made to excuse if not to justify the barbarities of our campaign in the Philippines by reference to certain forms of savagery in our Southern States, renders the leading feature of this month's ARENA of peculiar timeliness. It must be conceded that the four able contributors to this symposium express the sentiments of all thoughtful minds, at home and abroad, that are free from the goad of avarice, the "strenuous" demands of partizan politics, and the greed for official spoils. That the course of our Government is essentially "imperialistic" cannot be successfully refuted by any species of word-jugglery, and the fact that no serious attempt has been made to reply to the recent great speech of Senator Hoar in denunciation of it is significant. The ARENA writers are all well known in the field of social and economic reform, and on this political topic they reach the same conclusion by different routes—a convincing argument in itself.

In the current discussion of the isthmian canal question, in which Senator Hanna and some of his "commercial" colleagues are striving to add another foreign entanglement to the assets of the United States by forcing the adoption of the Panama route upon Congress, Mr. Berwick's brief article has a unique interest. As the writer has for many years been chairman of the California Fruit Growers' Nicaragua Canal Committee, it may be said to represent the view of the Pacific Coast producer, and as such it is important. As this issue goes to press, the fear that the Panama agitation may serve to delay action in the interests of the great railroad corporations (which is said to be its real purpose) is becoming hourly more pronounced.

In his paper on "The Actors' Church Alliance," the Rev. Dr. Shinn describes a most worthy and hopeful movement that has grown very strong during the last year and a half. The writer is a prominent Episcopal clergyman of Massachusetts, and as president of the Alliance is in a position to speak authoritatively of its aims and objects. At the recent annual

meeting of the New York chapter, of which Bishop Potter is president, the Rev. Dr. Johnson remarked: "The time has come when even a Baptist minister and the members of the profession should work side by side in the uplifting of mankind. It is time for us to apologize, as it were, and help one another."

While THE ARENA is not committed to the advocacy of Socialism, or any other form of political propaganda, it believes in the fullest discussion of the underlying principles of every movement aiming at the betterment of humanity. The two scholarly essays grouped under the general title of "Foregleams of the Fraternal State," in this issue, constitute perhaps the most intelligent presentation of the Socialistic ideal, ancient and modern, yet placed before our readers. The development of the concept of brotherhood in our day is one of the most pregnant signs of the times, and its eventual outworking in some form of national coöperation is inevitable if civilization is to endure.

In further elucidation of this beneficent ideal of fraternity, a series of four papers from the pen of Editor Flower will begin in our next issue. They will treat of "the Divine quest" as it appears in different epochs. The first will describe the earliest glimmerings of the "dream of the Fraternal State," and the second its manifestation during the first century of modern times; the third will deal with its growth from the days of the English revolution under Cromwell to the middle of the last century, and the fourth with its present-day expression. These articles will appear in our Essay department and will constitute a most luminous and valuable epitome of the race's noblest aspiration.

Other important contributions to our July number are the following: "The Citizen's Debt to His Country," by the Hon. Boyd Winchester; "Count Tolstoy and the New Quakerism," by Prof. James T. Bixby, Ph.D.; "The Motive of Mastery," by the Rev. Winfield R. Gaylord; "The Symbolism of European Snobbery," by James Dowman, of Aberdeen, Scotland, and "Extreme Utilitarianism," by W. H. Dilworth. These papers, with the other features now in preparation for our next issue, will maintain the high standard of excellence with which our Twenty-eighth Volume begins this month. J. E. M.